

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XII.

MAY, 1885.

No. 7.

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THE TRICYCLE OF THE FUTURE.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

FRED HUMPHREYS was a boy of an original mind; that is to say, he was very fond of thinking for himself and doing things of which he had never either heard or read. This may or may not be a good disposition in a boy. It depends altogether upon what kind of a boy he is. If he mixes a great deal of reason with his original thinking,—if he is able to see when he has made a mistake, and is willing to acknowledge it,—and if he is of a prudent turn of mind, and is not willing to dive into a new enterprise until he knows how deep it is and whether or not the current is too strong for him, it may be very well for him to do his own thinking. But if he does not possess these requisites, it would be better, until he is older, to let some one else attend to this matter for him.

Fred was an only son, and his father was desirous that he should find out as much as possible for himself during his boyhood. He was to be a business man, and would probably have a great many ups and downs in the course of his life; and Mr. Humphreys had an idea that if his son could get through with some of the "downs" during his minority, the experience he would thereby gain would prevent his having just as many of them in after life, when they would be much more important.

When the bicycle came into use in this country, Fred Humphreys was one of the first boys who had one. When an improved form of the machine was invented, Fred sold his old one, and his father added money enough to what he received to buy

one of the new kind. This change from good to better occurred several times; and when the tricycle came before the public, Fred gave up his last bicycle, and bought one of the three-wheeled machines, and, after using this for some months, he disposed of it, and became the possessor of a first-class double tricycle, that would carry two persons. Sometimes with his sister, and sometimes with a boy friend, Fred made excursions in this tricycle through the country round about the town in which he lived.

This town was situated in the interior of one of our Northern States. It was much frequented in the summer-time as a watering-place, and some of the roads leading to hotels and places of popular resort in the neighborhood were unusually smooth and well made, and, therefore, admirably adapted to bicycles and tricycles. On these fine roads Fred and his machine soon became almost as well known as were the famous "tally-hos," with four or six horses, which in the season made regular trips between the town and various pleasant spots in the surrounding country.

But, much as Fred enjoyed his tricycle, he became convinced in time that there might be something better; and as nothing better had, as yet, been invented by any one else, he determined, if possible, to invent it himself. The idea which gradually developed itself in his mind was this: If a boy can pull a vehicle, say a tricycle, at the rate of a certain number of miles per hour, and with an amount of exertion which he can keep up for a

certain time, and if that boy, by getting into that tricycle, and working it with his legs, can propel it at a far greater rate of speed and can keep up the exercise for a much longer time than when he was pulling it—then it must follow that if a horse, which pulls a vehicle of any kind, could get inside that vehicle and work it with its legs, it could propel it at a much higher rate of speed than when it was dragging it along the ground. And if one horse, why not two, or four? Why should there not be a great tally-ho coach, with six horses working tread-mills on the lower story, while crowds of passengers sat above enjoying the rapid and exhilarating excursion? This last idea came into Fred's mind as a picture of the Great Tricycle of the Future. How proud and happy he would be to build and own a machine of this kind! He would sit in front with his hand upon the steering gear, while six fine horses steadily trod the propelling arrangement behind him, eating, as they worked, from mangers under their noses; while the ladies and gentlemen who used to crowd the old "tally-hos" would sit comfortably on the second story, and never tire of telling one another how much better this was than the comparatively slow trips they used to take in the ordinary coaches and carriages.

After thinking over this matter for about a week, and making a good many plans and drawings, Fred determined to try to carry out his invention. He did not set out to build at first a machine for six horses and two or three coach-loads of passengers; but he would attempt to make something much more modest, although constructed upon the great principle that it would be better for the horse to be inside the vehicle and propel both it and himself than to stay outside and pull it. If the comparatively simple contrivance which he proposed to make should work satisfactorily, then it would be easy enough to get sufficient capital to build the grand machine (with driving-wheels twenty feet high and a six-horse team to work it), which, in his mind, he called the Tricycle of the Future.

When he laid his plans and his schemes before his father, Mr. Humphreys considered them very carefully. He had not much faith in Fred's grand scheme of the two-storied tricycle with six horses, but he thought that something on a smaller scale might succeed. He agreed with his son that experiments with dogs or goats, which Fred had first thought of, would be a loss of time and labor, because it would be so much trouble to teach these animals to act properly; whereas, an ordinary horse was already trained sufficiently for the purpose. Besides, a dog or goat machine, in Fred's eyes, would appear like a mere plaything, and would not attract the attention of capitalists; but one

worked by horses, however rough it might be, would show at once what could actually be done.

Having received his father's consent and the promise of a moderate amount of money for his expenses,—for Mr. Humphreys was a rich man, and very generous toward his son,—Fred went to work upon the machine, which was intended to show the principle of his invention. It would be a rough affair, but if it worked properly, its crudity would not matter; all he wished was to show that the thing could be done. For the building of his machine Fred employed a man who was both a carpenter and a blacksmith; and as he himself was very handy with tools, and this was summer holiday time, he worked nearly all day and was of great help in finishing the thing.

When all was done, the new vehicle was indeed a curious affair, and attracted a great deal of attention, especially from Fred's boy friends. It consisted of a strong frame-work, or floor, at the back of which was a pair of enormous wheels, which had been made for a truck used for hauling great stones and slabs of marble. These were the driving-wheels, and in front was a small but strong wheel, which was turned by a tiller, like the helm of a ship; and with this the vehicle was steered. Between the driving-wheels was set up a machine known in some parts of the country as a "double horse-power," and which is used by many farmers to give motive power to various kinds of agricultural machines. It consists, in the first place, of an inclined floor of slats which moves like an endless chain; and when a horse walks on this the animal remains where he is, but the floor moves, and continually passing from under him and going down to the lower part of the machine, comes up again in front of him. This motion of the floor turns various cog-wheels under it, and a very rapid motion is communicated from them to the machine which is to be worked. The horses are penned in by a low fence, and all they have to do is to walk or tread steadily on, along the moving floor. Some of these "horse-powers" are for one horse and some for two; and Fred had hired a double one from a farmer who lived not far away. This machine was connected with the driving-wheels of his tricycle, and, when horses were put into it and started, the great wheels would be turned, the vehicle would move forward, and the Tricyclism of the Future would begin.

There were no accommodations for passengers; all that could come afterward. What Fred wanted to show was that a tricycle could be run by horse-power as well as by man or boy power, the horses being carried along just as the man or boy is carried along. In front was a seat for the steersman, who was to be Fred himself, and in the extreme

rear was a small platform for his assistant, whose duty it would be to attend to the brakes and to stop the "horse-power," when necessary, so that the floor on which the horses stood should become immovable.

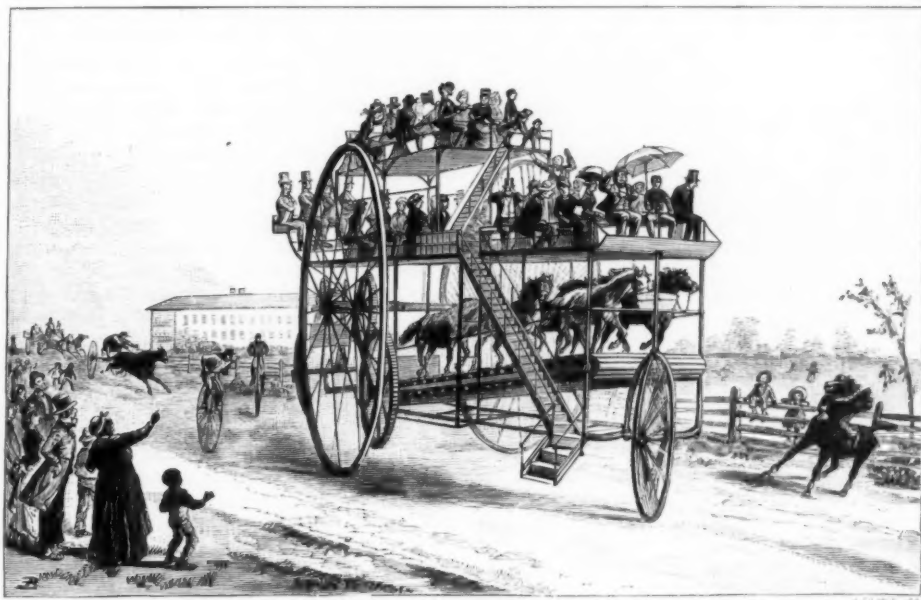
A great many opinions were expressed in regard to this new vehicle. Men generally laughed at it; some of the boys thought it would work, while others thought it would not. Among the latter was one, small for his age but old for his years, who was generally known as "Putty" Morris,—this name having been given to him by his companions on account of his having a complexion the color of which was not unlike that of ordinary putty.

"I don't want with me any boy who is a pessimist," continued Fred.

"What 's that?" asked Putty.

"Why, that 's a fellow who 's always thinking that everything is certain to go wrong. Now, I like optimists, who believe that things are sure to go right; that is, as long as there 's any chance for 'em. Everybody who ever did anything great in this world was an optimist; for, of course, he would n't keep hammering at, or fighting out anything if he did n't think it would succeed. Don't you see that?"

"Of course," said Putty, "if a fellow really thought a thing would work, and wanted it to work,



FRED'S IDEAL TRICYCLE OF THE FUTURE.

This youth did not believe in the new tricycle at all. Everything was too heavy and lumbering, he said, and if Fred ever did succeed in setting it going, it would be a very difficult machine to control, and there was certain to be some sort of a smash-up.

"Now, look here, Putty," said Fred, taking him to one side and speaking to him in a manner which he intended should be of service to the youngster, "I've been thinking of asking you to be my assistant; but I wish you to know that I am not going to do it now."

"All right!" said Putty.

he'd better be an optimist; but if he thought the other way about it, why, I think the more he pessimised the better."

"Goodness!" said Fred, laughing. "If you twisted my machinery as badly as you twist the English language, you'd spoil everything for me very soon."

A boy who believed in the new machine, and who was willing to act in the position of brakeman and general assistant, was found in the person of Johnny Hammond, a stout fellow of sixteen, who was always ready for anything of a novel or lively character.

Nothing now remained but to secure the working power, that is to say, the horses. Fred had hoped that his father would let him have the carriage-horses, but to this Mr. Humphreys objected; he did not wish them used for that sort of work. He had, however, a steady brown mare, named Jenny, who was often employed in farm-work, and was accustomed to a "horse-power," and he told Fred that he was welcome to use this animal for his experiment. After some trouble, for horses were much needed by their owners at that time of the year, Fred hired from a farmer an elderly animal known as Glaucus, which had once been, according to tradition, a very fine and spirited horse, but had now settled down into the soberness and placidity of age. Glaucus was tall and bony and not anxious to work, but he had weight and strength, and these are important points in a beast which is to work a "horse-power." These two horses did not make quite so good a team as Fred had hoped to have, but, as he said, they did very well to begin with.

It was determined that the trial trip should take place early in the forenoon, before there were many carriages and vehicles on the road, and they did not make any general announcement of the matter, as both Fred and his father thought it would be better to have as few spectators as possible at this first experiment of the running of the machine. If it succeeded, then every one who chose could see it work.

In spite of their precautions, however, quite a crowd of boys assembled to see the horse-tricycle start, and Mr. Humphreys and the man who made the machine were also there. Heavy planks with cross-slats nailed on them were laid from the back of the vehicle to the ground, and up these the horses were led, and placed in the two divisions of the "horse-power." The bars were put up behind them, and each horse was tied by its halter to the front rails. The gate of the yard in which the machine had been built was opened; Fred climbed up in front and took the tiller, Johnny Hammond mounted the rear platform, and all was ready.

"Take off the brakes, and start the horses!" cried Fred.

Whereupon, Johnny released the big wheels from the pressure of the brakes, and then moved the lever which gave play to the machinery of the "horse-power," at the same time starting the horses into a walk. Around went the moving floor on which the horses stood; around and around went the two driving-wheels, and the tricycle was off!

At first it moved very slowly, as was to have been expected, for the ground in the yard was rough; but when Fred had safely steered through the

gate, and the tricycle was on the hard, smooth road, it began to go along much more easily. Mr. Humphreys and the man walked by the side of it, greatly pleased with the success of the experiment, while the boys surrounded it on all sides, some cheering and some chaffing; for, although it moved along very well, it certainly was an odd affair to look at. They were in the suburbs of the town, but a great many people stopped to gaze at the horse tricycle, and very soon Fred determined to let every one see that his new vehicle could go at a much faster speed than a walk. The machine was a heavy one, and rather awkward and clumsy in its appearance, but the wheels turned easily on their axles, which were well oiled, while the machinery which connected the "horse-power" with the driving-wheels was simple and worked smoothly. Therefore, although he could make no such speed as he expected to give to the great Tricycle of the Future, Fred felt sure he could go along at a pretty fair rate, and ordered Johnny Hammond to make the horses trot. Johnny therefore touched up Jenny and Glaucus, and, after some unwillingness, they broke into a trot, and the tricycle began to move over the road at a very creditable speed. Mr. Humphreys and the mechanic soon ceased to follow; and although the boys ran after the machine for some distance, they dropped off, one by one. A few of them tried to climb up behind and enjoy a free ride, but this the sturdy Johnny Hammond would not allow.

Fred steered his tricycle into a wide and handsome road which led to a much-frequented hotel standing on the shore of the lake, about four miles from town. The boy was flushed and happy. The experiment was a success, and he was going along as fast as a horse at an ordinary trot. If he could do so much with a home-made affair like this, what could not be accomplished with a vast machine for six horses, which should be as light and strong and as perfect in all its parts as the finest bicycle or tricycle in the world? Johnny Hammond, too, was in high spirits, and he continually shouted to Fred his approbation of the working of his "gay old machine." The only individual on the big tricycle that seemed to be discontented was Glaucus. He had never been in the habit of going so fast on the "horse-power," and besides, there was something in the manner of his progression along the road which seemed to disturb his mind. He tossed up his head, the fire of his youth came into his eyes, and from trotting he began to canter. Johnny's shouts did not moderate his pace, and Jenny, feeling that she must do as Glaucus did, also broke into a canter. Fred shouted to put on the brakes and stop the horses; but this Johnny found to be no easy job. The "horse-

power" was going with such force and rapidity that the regulating apparatus could not work, and the brakes seemed to take but little hold upon the driving-wheels. Then he climbed up by the side of Glaucus, and, seizing him by the halter, tried to moderate his speed; but he found that the horse was thoroughly frightened and that he could do nothing with him. The spirit of Jenny, too, was now aroused, and she seemed to be trying to get out of this scrape by running as fast as she could. Fred could do nothing to help, for, if he let go of the tiller for a moment, the steering-wheel would turn round, and the great tricycle would be dashed to one side and be upset and wrecked in an instant.

Fred mentally noted the fact that in a properly constructed machine of this sort, there would need to be some way of throwing the driving-wheels "out of gear," so that there would be no connection between them and the "horse-power." In that case the vehicle could be stopped, no matter how fast the horses were going.

Johnny now again put his whole weight on the brakes of the driving-wheels, but he found this was of no use.

The fact that the road began to slope gently before them, so that they were really going downhill, made matters all the worse, and the panic which seemed to possess the two horses now extended to Johnny Hammond, who, shouting to Fred to save himself while he could, promptly jumped off behind.

Fred was pale and frightened, but he did not jump off. He knew that if he did, the tricycle would upset, and the horses would probably be killed; and, besides, he knew well that it would be a very dangerous thing to jump off in front of those great driving-wheels. All that he could do was to stay at his post, and hope that the horses would soon tire themselves out.

The two animals were now working the "horse-power" at a furious rate; the few people in the road stood in amazement or ran after the machine as it passed, while carriages and wagons gave the on-coming tricycle, with its rattling and its banging and its bounding horses, a wide berth.

Fred was now nearing the hotel by the lake. The broad road led directly to the water, but on one side it branched off into a narrower drive which ran along the shore. It was Fred's intention to turn into this road, because his only safety seemed to be to go as far as he could, and so tire out the horses. But he was dashing on so fast that he made a miscalculation; when he reached the turning-point, he did not move his tiller quickly enough, and so lost his chance of running upon the lake road. Now, before him, at a very short distance, lay the

lake, and on its edge, directly in front of him, was a row of sheds for the accommodation of the horses and carriages of the visitors to the hotel. Fred's first thought was to steer directly into these sheds, and so stop the mad career of his tricycle; but this would result in a general smash-up, and, as he was in front of everything, he would probably be killed. He did not dare to jump off, as he would have to jump directly in front of the big driving-wheels. There seemed nothing for him to do but to steer into the lake. If this had to be done, the deeper the water into which he plunged the better; and with this idea in his mind, he deftly guided his machine past the sheds, and toward a pier which extended a short distance into the lake. Thundering upon the plank floor came the great tricycle, and in the next instant it had gone off the end of the pier and down into the water.

There was a huge splash; there were shouts from the hotel and from the road; a fountain of spray shot high into the air, and then a foaming, whirling, gurgling pool closed over the spot where the great dive had been made. Down to the bottom of the lake sank, not only Fred's Tricycle of the Present, but his great Tricycle of the Future, with its two stories, its beautifully working machinery, its crowds of passengers, and its wonderful achievements. There was nothing of the kind now for Fred but a wrecked and sunken Tricycle of the Past.

At the moment the steering-wheel left the edge of the pier, Fred made a wild spring into the water, and so went down by himself, off at one side of the descending machine. As he sank, thoughts and ideas passed through Fred's mind as rapidly as if they were being telegraphed on a wire. One of these was that all he had been working for so hard had now come to a disastrous end; for his father would never more allow him to have anything to do with such an unmanageable machine as a horse-tricycle. But the thought that overshadowed everything else was the fate of those poor horses! They were tied to the "horse-power" by their halters, and would, therefore, be kept down at the bottom of the lake, and be drowned. There was so much heavy iron-work about the machinery, it would certainly hold them there like an anchor. Fred had no fears in regard to himself. No thought of sorrow-stricken parents or weeping friends passed through his mind; he had been down to the bottom of the lake before, and although he was encumbered with clothing, his coat was thin, his shoes were light, and he knew that he could swim to shore.

In a very short time he rose to the top of the water and began to strike out for the pier. Then some distance behind him came up the head of a

horse, and Jenny, with a little snort, went swimming landward. Now appeared another horse's head, and Glaucus, with wildly staring eyes, came floundering up, and, after gazing about in much amazement, made for a distant point along the shore, as if he did not wish to land at a place where he had come to such grief. Last of all, up came Putty Morris, his hair dripping with water, and his mouth spluttering vigorously as he slowly swam shoreward!

When Fred reached the pier and had taken one of the dozen hands which were extended to him from the little crowd of people who had hurried there, he was quickly pulled up, and whatever he had intended to say was cut short by his astonishment at seeing Jenny just coming to land. Then, turning around, his amazement was increased by the sight of Glaucus, still making for his distant point. But when he beheld Putty Morris, spluttering and paddling steadily for the pier, Fred's hair, wet as it was, felt as if it would like to stand on end.

"Do you live down there?" he said to Putty, a moment later, when that dripping boy was hauled upon the pier.

"Not exactly," was the answer, after several vigorous shakes and puffs; "and if I'd known that you were going to take me down there, you may be sure I'd never have jumped aboard your crazy old machine."

"How did you come to do it?" asked Fred. "I did n't know you were there."

"Well," said Putty, "I was up the road there, and saw you coming like a lot of wild Indians. I saw Johnny Hammond jump off, and guessed

something was the matter. Before the thing was up to me I knew that the horses were running away, or trying to, and that you were hanging on to your steering gear with a rather pessimist look on your face, and that you could n't let go to do anything with the horses. So I ran after you, and climbed up behind, and I had to be a pretty lively hoptimist to do it, I can tell you. All I could try to do was to get you rid of your horses, and I thought that if I untied their halters and took down their bars they'd slide out behind, and then you'd stop. I did n't say anything to you, for there was such a noise I did n't suppose you'd hear me; and just as I unfastened the second halter we were out on the pier, and before I had time to jump, down we all went together!"

"FRED," said Putty Morris to his friend a few days after these events, "are you going to make any more of your big machines?"

"Well, no," said Fred, "not at present. These things can't be done without money, and father is rather touchy on that subject just now. He has had to pay for that double "horse-power," and everything else is a dead loss; and besides that, old Glaucus scraped his leg in the scrimmage and he'll not be fit to be used for a month. I am going to begin again at the very bottom round, and if I run anything else of the kind this summer, I shall get a unicycle."

"A unicycle!" exclaimed Putty; "what is that?"

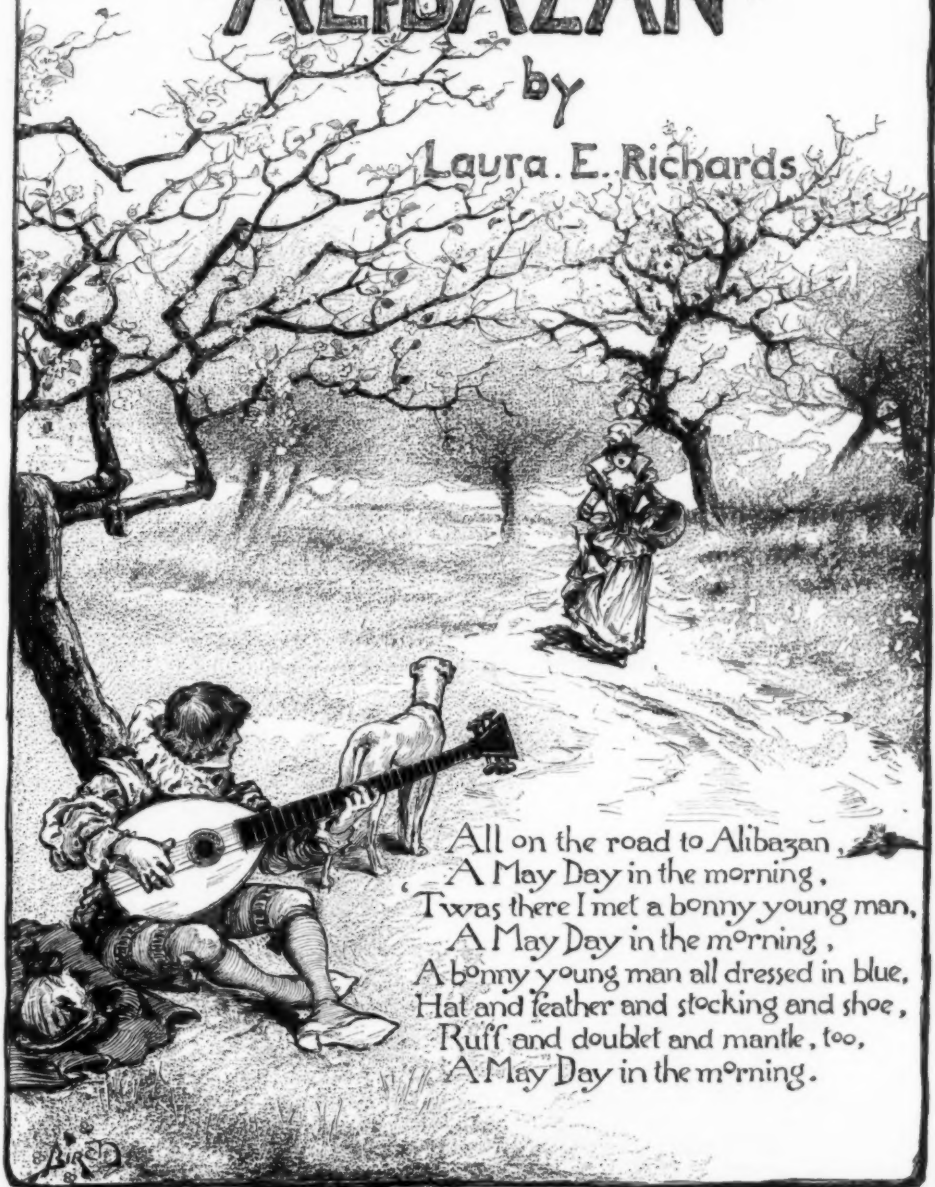
"Why, don't you know?" said Fred. "There goes a fellow with one now."



ALIBAZAN.

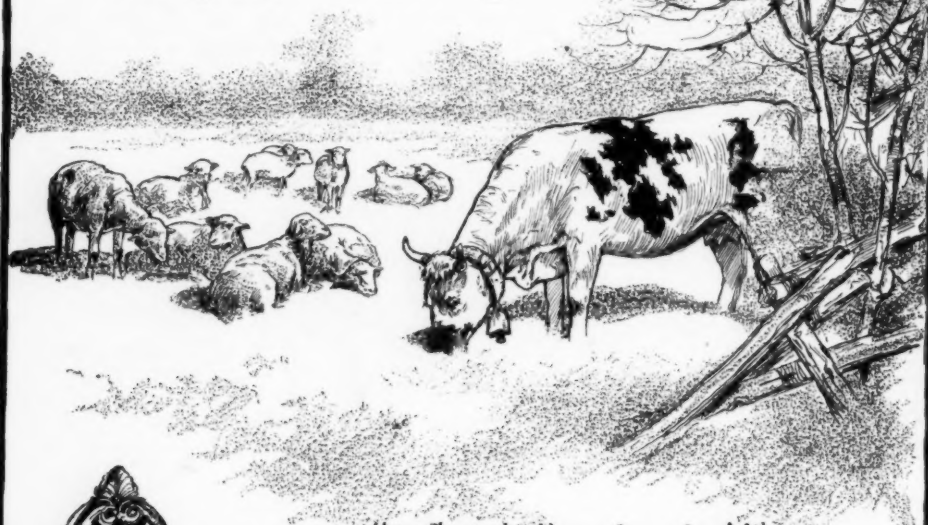
by

Laura E. Richards



All on the road to Alibazan,
A May Day in the morning,
'Twas there I met a bonny young man,
A May Day in the morning,
A bonny young man all dressed in blue,
Hat and feather and stocking and shoe,
Ruff and doublet and mantle, too,
A May Day in the morning.

He made me a bow, and he made me three,
 A May Day in the morning,
 He said, indeed, I was fair to see,
 A May Day in the morning,
 "And say, will you be my sweetheart now?
 Ill marry you truly with ring and vow!
 I've ten fat sheep and a black-nosed cow.
 A May Day in the morning."



"What shall we buy in Alibazan
 A May Day in the morning?
 A pair of shoes and a feathered fan,
 A May Day in the morning,
 A velvet gown all set with pearls,
 A silver hat for your golden curls,
 A pinky hood for my pink of girls,
 A May Day in the morning."



finis

All in the streets of Alibazan,
 A May Day in the morning,
 The merry maidens tripped and ran,
 A May Day in the morning.
 And this was fine, and that was free,
 But he turned from them all to look at me—
 "And oh! but there's none so fair to see!
 A May Day in the morning!"



All in the church of Alibazan,
 A May Day in the morning,
 'Twas there I wed my bonny young man,
 A May Day in the morning.
 And oh! 'tis I am his sweetheart now!
 And oh! 'tis we that are happy I trow.
 With our ten fat sheep and our black-nosed cow,
 A May Day in the morning.

B. R. S. 1885

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER IV.

WORK FOR ALL.

MY agonized shout as I saw Bobsey swept away by the swollen torrent of the Moodna Creek was followed closely by his own shrill scream. It so happened, or a kind Providence so ordered it, that Junior was farther down the stream, tapping a maple that had been overlooked the previous day. He sprang to his feet, whirled about in the direction of the little boy's cry, and, the next instant, rushed to the bank and plunged in.

Spell-bound I watched his efforts, for I knew I was much too far away to be of aid, and that all now depended on the hardy country lad. He disappeared for a second beneath the tide, and then his swift strokes proved that he was a good swimmer. Very quickly he caught up with Bobsey, for the current was too rapid to permit the child to sink. Then, with a wisdom learned from experience, he let the torrent carry him in a long slant toward the shore, for it would have been



hopeless to try to stem the current. Running as I never ran before, I followed, reached the bank where there was an eddy in the stream, sprang in up to my waist, seized them both as they drifted near me, and dragged them to solid ground.

Bobsey was conscious, although he had swallowed some water, and I was soon able to restore him, so that he could stand on his feet and cry:

"I—I—I w-w-ont d-do so any—any more."

Instead of punishing him, as he evidently expected, I clasped him to my heart with a nervous force that almost made him cry out with pain.

Junior, meanwhile, had coolly seated himself on a rock, emptied the water out of his shoes, and was tying them on again, at the same time striving with all his might to maintain a stolid composure under Winnie's grateful embraces and Merton's repeated hand-shakings. But when, having become assured of Bobsey's welfare, I also rushed forward and embraced Junior in a transport of gratitude, the boy's lip began to quiver, and two great tears mingled with the water that was dripping from his hair. Suddenly he broke away and ran swiftly toward his home, as if he had been caught in some mischief and the constable were after him.

I carried Bobsey home, and his mother, with many questions, and exclamations of thanksgiving, undressed the little fellow, wrapped him in flannel and put him to bed, where he was soon sleeping as quietly as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. Jones came over, and we made her rubicund face beam, and grow more round, if possible, as we all praised her boy. I returned with her, for I felt that I wished to thank Junior again and again. But he saw me coming and slipped out at the back door. Indeed, the brave, bashful boy was shy of us for several days. When at last my wife caught him, and began to praise and thank him in a manner natural to mothers, he made light of the whole affair.

"I've swum in that crick so often that it was nothin' to me. You only need to keep cool, and that's easy enough in snow water, and the current was so swift it kep' us both up. I wish you would n't say anything more about it."

But Junior soon learned that we had adopted him into our inmost hearts, although he compelled us to show our good-will after his own off-hand fashion.

On Sunday night the wind veered around to the north, and on Monday morning the sky had a clear metallic hue and the ground was frozen hard. Bobsey had not taken cold, and was his former self, except that he was somewhat chastened in spirit and his bump of caution was larger. I was resolved that this day should witness a good beginning of our spring work, and told Winnie and Bobsey that they could help me. Junior, although he yet avoided the house, was ready enough to help Merton in getting the sap. And so, soon after breakfast, we all were busy.

Around old country places, especially where there

has been some degree of neglect, much litter and refuse gathers. This was true of our new home and its surroundings. All through the garden were dry, unsightly weeds; about the house was shrubbery that had become tangled masses of unpruned growth; in the orchard the ground was strewn with fallen branches, and I could see dead limbs on many of the trees. Therefore I said to my two little helpers:

"We will begin our brush-pile in this open space in the garden, and here we will bring all the rubbish that we wish to burn. You see that we can make an immense heap, for the place is so far away from any buildings that, when the wind goes down, we can set the pile on fire in safety, and the ashes will be good for the garden."

During the whole forenoon I pruned the shrubbery and raked up the rubbish, which the children carried by armfuls to our prospective bonfire. They were anxious to see the blaze, but I told them that the wind was too high, and that I did not propose to apply the match until we had a heap half as big as the house; that it might be several days before we should be ready, for I intended to have a tremendous fire.

For a long time they were pleased with the novelty of the work, and then they wanted to do something else, but I said:

"No, no; you are gardeners now, and I'm head gardener. Both of you must help me till dinner-time. After that you can do something else, or play if you choose; but each day, even Bobsey must do some steady work to earn his dinner. We did n't come to the country on a picnic, I can tell you. All must do their best to help make a living." And so I kept my little squad busy without scruple, for the work was light, although it had become monotonous.

Mousie sometimes aided her mother, and again watched us from the window with great interest. I rigged upon the barrow a rack, in which I wheeled the rubbish gathered at a distance; and by the time my wife's mellow voice called, "Come to dinner," we had raised a pile much higher than my head, and the place began to wear a tidy aspect.

Such appetites, such rosy cheeks, and such jolly red noses as the outdoor workers brought to that plain meal! Mousie was delighted with the promise that the bonfire should not be lighted until some still, mild day when she could go out and stand with me beside it.

Merton admitted that drawing the sap did not keep him busy more than half the time; so after dinner I gave him a hatchet, and told him to go on with the trimming-up of the fallen branches in our wood-lot,—a task that I had begun,—and to

carry out all wood heavy enough for our fire-place to a spot where it could be loaded on a wagon.

"Your next work, Merton, will be to collect all your refuse trimmings and the brush lying about, into a few great heaps; and by and by we'll burn these, too, and gather up the ashes carefully, for I've read and heard all my life that there is nothing better for fruit than wood-ashes. Some day, I hope, we can begin to put money in the bank; for I intend to give all a chance to earn money for themselves, after they have done their share toward our general effort to live and thrive. The next best thing to putting money in the bank, is the gathering and saving of everything that will make the ground richer. In fact, all the papers and books that I've read this winter, agree that as the farmer's land grows rich he grows rich."

It must be remembered that I had spent all my leisure during the winter in reading and studying the problem of our country life. Therefore I knew that March was the best month for pruning trees, and I had gained a fairly correct idea how to do this work. Until within the last two or three years of his life, old Mr. Jamison had attended to this task quite thoroughly; and thus little was left for me to do beyond sawing away the boughs that had recently died and cutting out the useless sprouts on the larger limbs. Before leaving the city I had provided myself with such tools as I was sure I should need; and finding a ladder under a shed, I attacked the trees vigorously. I knew I must make the most of all the still days in this gusty month.

By the middle of the afternoon Mr. Jones appeared, and I was glad to see him, for there were some kinds of work about which I wanted his advice. At one end of the garden were several rows of black-cap raspberry bushes, which had grown into a very bad snarl. The old canes that had borne fruit the previous season were still standing, ragged and unsightly; the new stalks that would bear during the coming season sprawled in every direction; and I had found that many tips of the branches had grown fast in the ground. I took my neighbor to see this briery wilderness, and asked his advice.

"Have you a pair of pruning-nippers?" he asked.

Before going to the house to get them, I blew a shrill whistle to summon Merton, for I wished him also to hear all that Mr. Jones might say. I carried a little metallic whistle, one blast on which was for Merton, two for Winnie, and three for Bobsey. When they heard my call they were to come to me as fast as their feet could carry them.

Taking the nippers, Mr. Jones snipped off from one-third to one-half the length of the branches

from one of the bushes and cut out the old dead cane.

"I raise these berries myself for home use," he said; "and I tell you they're first-class with milk for a July supper. You see, after taking off so much from these long branches, the canes stand straight up, and they will be self-supporting, no matter how many berries they bear; but here and there you'll find a bush that's grown slantwise, or broken off. Now, if I were you, I'd take a crow-bar 'n' make a hole 'longside these weakly and slantin' stalks and tie 'em up strong. Then, soon as the fruit yields, if you'll root out the grass and weeds that's started in among 'em, you'll have a dozen bushel or more of marketable berries from this 'ere wilderness, as you call it. Give Merton a pair of old gloves, and he can do most of the job. Every tip that's fast in the ground is a new plant. If you want to set out a new patch, I'll show you how, later on."

"I think I know how to do that."

"Yes, yes, I know. Books are a help, I s'pose; but after you've seen one plant set out rightly, you'll know more than if you'd read a month."

"Well, now that you're here, Mr. Jones, I'm going to make the most of you. How about those other raspberries off to the south-east of the house?"

"Those are red ones. We'll go look at 'em."

Having reached the patch, we found almost as bad a tangle as in the black-cap patch, except that the canes were more upright in their growth and less full of spines or briars.

"It's plain to see," remarked Mr. Jones, "that old Mr. Jamison was feelin' too poorly to take care of things last year. You see, these red raspberries grow altogether diff'rently from those black-caps yonder. Those increase by the tips of the branches takin' root; these, by suckers. All these young shoots comin' up between the rows are suckers, and they ought to be dug out. As I said before, you can set them out somewhere else, if you like. Dig 'em up, you know; make a trench in some out-of-the-way place, and bury the roots till you want 'em. Like enough the neighbors will buy some if they know you have 'em to spare. Only be sure to cut these long canes back to within six inches of the ground."

"Yes," I said, "that's all just as I have read in the books."

"So much the better for the books, then. I have n't lived in this fruit-growin' region all my life without gettin' some idea as to what's what. I give my mind to farmin'; but Jamison and I were great cronies, and I used to be over here every day or two, and so it's natural to keep comin'."

"That's my good luck," said I.

"Well, p'raps it'll turn out so. Now Merton's just the right age to help you in all this work. Jamison, you see, grew these raspberries in a continuous bushy row; that is, say, three good strong canes every eighteen inches apart and the rows five feet apart, so he could run a horse-cultivator between. Understan', Merton?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with much interest.

"Well, all these extra suckers and plants that are swampin' the ground are just as bad as weeds. Dig 'em all out, only don't disturb the roots of the bearin' canes you leave in the rows any more 'n you can help."

"How about trimming these?" I asked.

"Well, that depends. If you want early fruit, you'll let 'em stand as they are; if you want big berries, you'll cut 'em back one-third. Let me see. Here are five rows of 'Highland Hardy,'—miserable poor-tastin' kind; but they ripen so early they often pay the best."

"Now, Mr. Jones, one other good turn and we'll not trouble you any more to-day," said I. "All the front of the house is covered by two big grapevines that have not been trimmed, and there are a great many other vines on the place. I've read and read on the subject, but I declare I'm afraid to touch them."

"Now you're beyond my depth. I have a lot of vines home, and I trim 'em in my rough way, but I know I'm not scientific, and we have pretty poor, scraggy bunches. They taste just as good, though, and I don't raise any to sell. There's a clever man down near the landing who has a big vineyard, and he's trimmed it as your vines ought to have been trimmed long ago. I'd advise you to go and see him, and he can show you all the latest wrinkles in pruning. Now, I'll tell you what I came for, in the first place. You'll remember that I said there'd be a vandoo to-morrow. I've been over and looked at the stock offered. There's a lot of chickens, as I told you; a likely looking cow with a calf at her side; a quiet old horse that ought to go cheap, though he'd answer well the first year. Do you think you'll get more 'n one horse to start with?"

"No," said I. "You said I could hire such heavy plowing as was needed at a moderate sum, and I think we can get along with one horse for a time. My plan is to go slowly, and, I hope, surely."

"That's the best way, only it is n't common. I'll be around in the mornin' for you and such of the children as you'll take."

"On one condition, Mr. Jones," I replied. "You must let me pay you for your time and trouble. Unless you'll do this in giving me my start, I'll have to paddle my own canoe, even if I sink it."

"Oh, I've no grudge against an honest penny

turned in any way that comes handy," said my neighbor. "You and I can keep square as we go along. You can give me what you think is right, and if I'm not satisfied, I'll say so."

I soon learned that my neighbor had no foolish sensitiveness. I could pay him what I thought his services were worth, and he pocketed the money without a word. Of course, I could not pay him what his advice was really worth, for his hard, common sense stood me in good stead in many ways.

"There's all'us changin' and breakin's-up in the spring," said Mr. Jones, as we drove along; "and this family's goin' out West. Everything is to be sold, in doors and out."

The farm-house in question was about two miles away. By the time we arrived, all sorts of vehicles were converging to it on the muddy roads, for the weather had become mild again. Stylish-looking people drove up in top-buggies, and there were many heavy springless wagons driven by rusty-looking countrymen, with their trousers



THE "VANDOO," OR AUCTION SALE.

The next morning, at about eight o'clock, he arrived in a long farm-wagon on springs, with one seat in it. But Junior had half filled its body with straw, and he said to Merton: "I thought that, p'r'aps, if you and the children could go, you'd like a straw-ride."

Winnie and Bobsey, having promised to obey orders with a solemnity which gave some hope of performance, I tossed them into the straw, and we drove away, a merry party, leaving Mousie consoled with the hope of receiving something from the vendue.

I thrust into the tops of their cowhide boots. I strolled through the house before the sale began, thinking I might possibly find something there that would please Mousie and my wife. The rooms were already half filled with the housewives from the vicinity; red-faced Irishwomen, who stalked about and examined everything with great freedom; and placid, peach-cheeked dames in Quaker bonnets, who talked softly together, and took every chance they could to say pleasant words to the flurried, nervous family that was being thrust out into the world, as it were, while still at their own hearth.

I marked with my eye a low, easy sewing-chair for my wife and a rose geranium, full of bloom, for Mousie, purposing to bid on them. I also observed that Junior was examining several pots of flowers that stood in the large south window. Then giving Merton charge of the children, with directions not to lose sight of them a moment, I went to the barn-yard and stable, feeling that the day was a critical one in our fortunes. True enough, among the other stock there was a nice-looking cow with a calf, and Mr. Jones said she had Jersey blood in her veins. This meant rich creamy milk. I thought the animal had a rather ugly eye, but this might be caused by anxiety for her calf, with so many strangers about. We also examined the old bay horse and a market wagon and harness. Then Mr. Jones and I drew apart and agreed upon the limit of his bids, for I proposed to act solely through him. Every one knew him and was aware that he would not go a cent beyond what a thing was worth.

At ten o'clock the sale began. The auctioneer was a rustic humorist, who knew the practical value of a joke in his business. Aware of many of the foibles and characteristics of the people who flocked around and after him, he provoked many a ripple and roar of laughter by his telling hits and droll speeches. I found that my neighbor, Mr. Jones, came in for his full share, but he always sent back as good as he received. The sale, in fact, had the aspect of a country merry-making, at which all sorts and conditions of people met on a common ground and bid against one another, while boys and dogs innumerable worried and played about and sometimes verged on serious quarrels.

At noon there was an immense pot of coffee, with crackers and cheese, placed on a table near the kitchen door, and we had a free lunch.

The day came to an end at last, and the cow and calf, the old bay horse, the wagon, and the harness were mine. On the whole, Mr. Jones had bought them at reasonable rates. He also secured for me a good collection of poultry that looked fairly well in their coops.

For my part, I had secured the chair and blooming geranium. To my surprise, when the rest of the flowers were sold, Junior took part in the bidding for the first time, and, as a result, carried out to the wagon several other pots of house-plants.

"Why, Junior," I said, "I did n't know you had such an eye for beauty."

He blushed, but made no reply.

The coops of chickens and also the harness were put into Mr. Jones's conveyance, the wagon I had bought was tied on behind, and we jogged homeward, the children exulting over our new possessions. When I took in the geranium bush and put

it on the table by the sunny kitchen window, Junior followed with an armful of his plants.

"They're for Mousie," he said; and before the delighted child could thank him he darted out.

Indeed, it soon became evident that Mousie was Junior's favorite. She never said much to him, but she looked a great deal. To the little invalid girl he seemed the embodiment of strength and cleverness, and, perhaps, because he was so strong, his sympathies went out toward the feeble child.

The coops of chickens were carried to the basement that we had prepared, and Winnie declared that she meant to "hear the first crow and get the first egg."

The next day the horse and the cow and calf were brought over, and we felt that we were fairly launched in our country life.

"You have a bigger family to look after outdoors than I have indoors," my wife said, laughingly.

It was evident that, from some cause, the cow was wild and vicious. One of my theories is that all animals can be subdued by kindness. Mr. Jones advised me to dispose of Brindle, but I determined to test my theory first. Several times a day I would go to the barn-yard and give her a carrot or a wisp of hay from my hand, and she gradually became accustomed to me, and would come at my call. A week later I sold her calf to a butcher, and for a few days she lowed and mourned deeply, greatly to Mousie's distress. But carrots consoled her, and within three weeks she grew gentle to all of us. I believe she had been treated harshly by her former owners.

Spring was coming on apace, and we all made the most of every pleasant hour. The second day after the auction proved a fine one; and leaving Winnie and Merton in charge of the house, I took my wife, with Bobsey and Mousie, who was well bundled up, to see the scientific grape-grower, and to do some shopping. At the same time, we assured ourselves that we were having a pleasure-drive; and it did me good to see how the mother and daughter, who had been kept indoors so long, enjoyed themselves. Mr. Jones was right. I received better and clearer ideas of vine-pruning in half an hour from studying those that had been properly trimmed, and by asking questions of a practical man, than I could ever have obtained by reading. We found that the old bay horse jogged along, at as good a gait as we could expect, over the muddy road, and I was satisfied that he was so quiet that my wife could safely drive him after she had learned how, and had gained a little confidence. She held the reins as we returned.

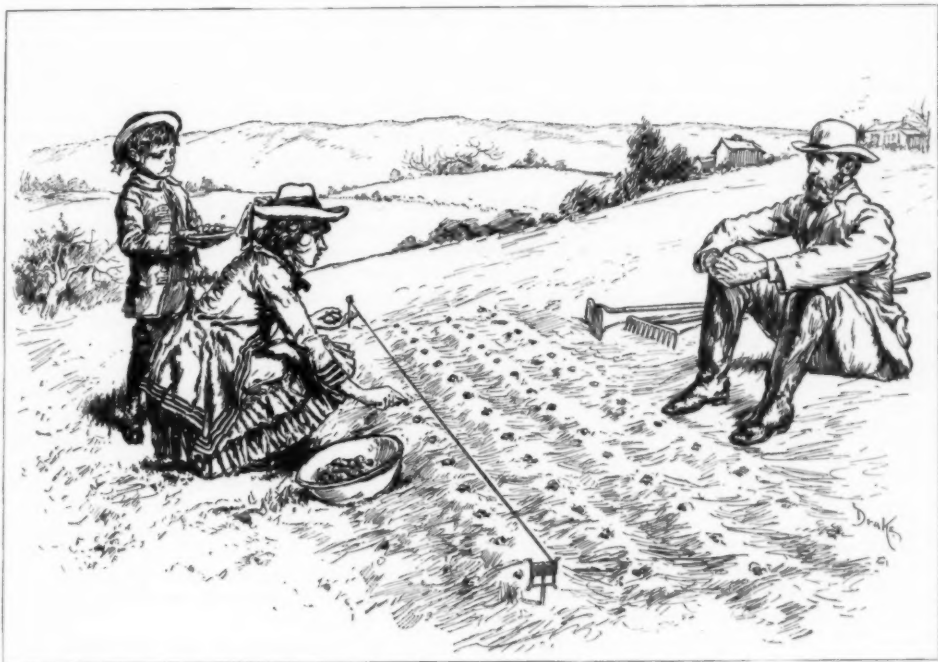
When we sat down to supper, I was glad to see that a little color was dawning in Mousie's face.

The bundles we brought home supplemented our stores of needful articles, and our life began to take on a regular routine. The carpenter came and put up the shelves, and made such changes as my wife desired; then he aided me in repairing the out-buildings. I finished pruning the trees, while Merton worked manfully at the raspberries, for we saw that this was a far more pressing task than gathering wood, which could be done to better advantage in the late autumn. Every morning Winnie and Bobsey were kept steadily busy in carrying

pruned and the grape-vines trimmed and tied up, and had given Merton a great deal of help among the raspberries. In shallow boxes of earth on the kitchen table, cabbage, lettuce, and tomato seeds were sprouting beside Mousie's plants, the little girl hailing with delight every yellowish-green germ that appeared above the soil.

The first day of April promised to be unusually dry and warm, and I said at the breakfast table:

"This is to be a great day. We'll prove that we are not April-fools by beginning our garden.



WINNIE AND BOBSEY PLANT THE ONIONS.

our trimmings to the brush-heap, which now began to assume vast proportions, especially as the prunings from the grape-vines and raspberry bushes were added to it. As the ground became settled after the frost was out, I began to set the stakes by the side of such raspberry canes as needed tying up; and here was a new light task for the two younger children. Bobsey's little arms could go around the canes and hold them close to the stake, while Winnie, a sturdy child, quickly tied them with a coarse, cheap string that I had bought for the purpose. Even my wife came out occasionally and helped us at this work. By the end of the last week in March I had all the fruit trees fairly

I suppose I shall make mistakes, but I wish you all to see how I do it, and then by next spring we shall have learned from experience how to do better. Merton and I will get out the seeds. By ten o'clock, Mousie, if the sun keeps out of the clouds, you can put on your rubbers and join us."

Soon all was bustle and excitement, in anticipation of the seed-planting.

Among my seeds were two quarts of red and two of white onion sets, or tiny onions, which I had kept in a cool place, so that they should not sprout before their time. These I took out first. I marked off a long strip of the sunny slope, making the strip about fifteen feet wide, and manured it

evenly and thickly. I then dug until my back ached; and I found that it began to ache very soon, for I was not accustomed to such toil.

"After the first seeds are in," I muttered, "I will have the rest of the garden plowed."

When I had dug down about four feet of the strip, I concluded to rest myself by a change of labor; so I took the rake and smoothed off the ground, stretched a garden line across it, and, with a sharp-pointed hoe, made a shallow trench or drill.

"Now, Winnie and Bobsey," I said, "it is time for you to do your part. Just stick these little onions in the trench about four inches apart;" and I gave each of them a little stick of the right length to measure the distance; for they had but vague ideas of four inches. "Be sure," I continued, "that you get the bottom of the onion down. This is the top, and this is the bottom. Press the onion in the soil just enough to make it stand firm, so. That's right. Now I can rest, you see, while you do the planting."

In a few moments they had stuck the fifteen feet of shallow trench or drill full of onions, which I at once covered with earth, packing it lightly with my hoe. I then moved the line fourteen inches farther down and made another shallow drill. In this way we soon had all the onion sets in the ground. We next sowed, in even shallower drills, the little onion seed that looked like gunpowder, for my garden book said that the earlier this was planted the better. We had only completed a few rows, when Mr. Jones appeared, and said:

"Plantin' onions here? Why, neighbor, this ground is too dry and light for onions."

"Is that so? Well, I knew I'd make mistakes," I said.

"Oh, well, no great harm's done," he replied. "You've made the ground rich, and, if we have a moist season, like enough they'll do well. I came over to say that if this weather holds a day or two longer, I'll plow the garden; and I thought I'd tell you, so that you might get ready for me. The sooner you plant your early potatoes the better, and a plow beats a fork all hollow. You'll know what I mean when you see my plow going down to the beam and loosenin' the ground from fifteen to twenty inches. So burn your big brush-pile, and I'll be ready when you are."

"All right. Thank you! I'll just plant some radishes, peas, and beans."

"No beans yet, Mr. Durham. Don't put those in till the last of the month, and plant them very shallow when you do."

"How one forgets when there's not much experience to fall back upon! I now remember that my book said that beans, in this latitude, should not be planted until about the first of May."

"And lima beans not till the tenth of May," added Mr. Jones. "You might put in a few early beets here, although the ground is rather light for 'em. You could put your main crop somewhere else. Well, let me know when you are ready. Junior and I are drivin' things, too, this mornin';" and he stalked away, whistling a hymn-tune in rather lively time.

I said: "Youngsters, I think I'll get my garden book and be sure I'm right about sowing the radish and beet seed and the peas. Mr. Jones has rather shaken my confidence."

In a short while Merton and I had several rows of radishes and beets sown, fourteen inches apart. We planted the seed only an inch deep, and packed the ground lightly over it. Mousie, to her great delight, was allowed to drop a few of the seeds. Merton was ambitious to take the fork, but I advised him not to, and said: "Digging is too heavy work for you, my boy. There is enough that you can do without overtaxing yourself. We all must act like good soldiers. The campaign of work is just opening, and it would be very foolish for any of us to disable ourselves at the start. We'll plant only half a dozen rows of these dwarf peas this morning, and then this afternoon we'll have the bonfire and make ready for Mr. Jones's plow."

At the prospect of the bonfire the younger children set up shouts of exultation, which cheered me on as I turned over the soil with the fork, although often stopping to rest. My back ached, but my heart was light. In my daily work, now I had all my children about me, and their smaller hands were helping in the most practical way. A soft spring haze had obscured the mountains and melted the sunshine. From the springing grass and fresh turned soil came odors sweet as those which made Eden fragrant after "a mist went up from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground."

All the children helped to plant the peas, which we placed carefully and evenly, an inch apart, in the row, and covered with two inches of soil, the rows being two feet distant one from another. I had decided to plant chiefly McLean's Little Gem, because they needed neither stakes nor brush for support. We were almost through our task when, happening to look toward the house, I saw my wife standing in the doorway, a framed picture.

"Dinner," she called, in a voice as sweet to me as that of the robin singing in a cherry-tree over her head.

The children stampeded for the house, Winnie crying: "Hurry, Mamma, and let us get through, for Papa says that after dinner he'll set the great brush-pile on fire, and we're going to dance around it like Indians! You must come out, too!"

(To be continued.)



IN PRIMROSE TIME.

*(Early Spring in Ireland.)**

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

HERE 's the lodge-woman in her great cloak coming,
 And her white cap. What joy
 Has touched the ash-man? On my word, he's humming
 A boy's song, like a boy!
 He quite forgets his cart. His donkey grazes
 Just where it likes the grass.
 The red-coat soldier, with his medal, raises
 His hat to all who pass;
 And the blue-jacket sailor,—hear him whistle,
 Forgetting Ireland's ills!
 Oh, pleasant land—(who thinks of thorn or thistle?)
 Upon your happy hills
 The world is out! And, faith, if I mistake not,
 The world is in its prime
 (Beating for once, I think, with hearts that ache not)
 In Primrose time.

Against the sea-wall leans the Irish beauty,
 With face and hands in bloom,
 Thinking of anything but household duty
 In her thatched cabin's gloom;—
 Watching the ships as leisurely as may be,
 Her blue eyes dream for hours.
 Hush! There's her mother—coming with the baby
 In the fair quest of flowers.
 And her grandmother!—hear her laugh and chatter,
 Under her hair frost-white!
 Believe me, life can be a merry matter,
 And common folk polite,
 And all the birds of heaven one of a feather,
 And all their voices rhyme,—
 They sing their merry songs, like one, together,
 In Primrose time.

The magpies fly in pairs (an evil omen
 It were to see but one);
 The snakes—but here, though, since St. Patrick, no man
 Has seen them in the sun;

The white lamb thinks the black lamb is his brother,
 And half as good as he;
 The rival carmen all love one another,
 And jest, right cheerily;
 The compliments among the milkmen savor
 Of pale gold blossoming;
 And everybody wears the lovely favor
 Of our sweet Lady Spring.
 And though the ribbons in a bright procession
 Go toward the chapel's chime,—
 Good priest, there be but few sins for confession
 In Primrose time.

How all the children in this isle of faery
 Whisper and laugh and peep!
 (Hush, pretty babblers! Little feet be wary,
 You'll scare them in their sleep,—
 The wee, weird people of the dew, who wither
 Out of the sun, and lie
 Curled in the wet leaves, till the moon comes hither.)—
 The new-made butterfly
 Forgets he was a worm. The ghostly castle,
 On its lone rock and gray,
 Cares not a whit for either lord or vassal
 Gone on their dusty way,
 But listens to the bee, on errands sunny.—
 A thousand years of crime
 May all be melted in a drop of honey
 In Primrose time!



LITTLE BRITOMARTIS.

BY ALICE MAUDE EDDY.

"BUT there *was* a maiden knight once!" said Letty, with her brown eyes full of tears.

"Sir Lancelot" and "Sir Gareth," otherwise Jack and Harry, paused in their tilt, and gazed at their little sister in amazement.

"There *was*," persisted Letty, resolutely, though with a quivering lip. "I read all about her in one of Papa's books. Her name was Britomartis, and she had long golden hair that fell down when she took her helmet off, and—and she conquered everybody."

"Go on and tell us all about it," said Harry, dropping his sword. Letty was always finding entertaining stories in books that neither of the boys would have thought of opening. It was she who had told them about the Round Table, and had set them to reading for themselves the wonderful adventures of Lancelot and Gareth, of Tristram, and Galahad, and Alisander. It was rather hard that she should be shut out from the fascinating games that grew out of these researches into the "*Morte d'Arthur*," simply because she was a girl. The boys were quite willing that their sister should take the part of the distressed lady for whom they should fight; but sitting on a rag-bag and crying out, "Oh, Sir Lancelot, thou flower of knighthood, succor a forlorn lady!" was entirely beneath Letty's ambition, and even the more active part of gracefully waving a handkerchief during a tournament, and tying her hair-ribbon about the helmet of the conqueror, failed to satisfy her desires. It was with a decided sense of injury that Letty went on with her story.

"Yes, she conquered *every* knight that she fought, and she was always helping ladies and everybody that needed her, and she was the strongest and most beautiful knight in Fairy-land."

"Fairy-land!" exclaimed Harry. "Was it just a fairy story? That does n't count!"

"It was lovely poetry!" said Letty, indignantly, "and King Arthur was in it too, so it counts just as much as anything."

"If it was poetry, it was n't true," said Jack, conclusively. "I thought it did n't sound very true! Great idea that—of a woman conquering all the knights! I'd just like to see a girl that was braver than a boy! Come, Harry, let's go on playing! 'Gay Sir Knight, wilt thou ride a tilt with me?'" And the boys careered wildly about the garret on their invisible chargers, leaving Letty to amuse herself as she could until school-time.

It was a beautiful May morning. The grass along the roadside was white with daisies, as the children ran to school. Tilts and tournaments were forgotten, under the clear blue sky, with the soft wind tossing Letty's fair hair, while Jack chased butterflies, and Harry blew off the feathery dandelion-tops to see which way he should go to seek his fortune. They stopped as they passed the railway bridge to look at the lily-pads in the marshy water below it, and to prophesy how long it would be before they could come there to gather the lilies; and then they went on to school as usual.

They did not dream that none of the three would ever pass that place in the same careless way again, nor that the commonplace row of railway sleepers would be made beautiful for them forever after that day by a deed that was finer and fairer than even the snowy lilies which blossomed below it in the summer-time.

They had just reached the turn of the road which passed the bridge, on their way home, that afternoon, when Letty heard a child's cry. A very little girl, not more than four years old, stood in the middle of the bridge looking helplessly from one bank to the other. It was not a long distance across, and the water below was not deep, but the child was evidently frightened, and it was not in Letty's nature to pass any one in trouble without trying to help.

"What's the matter?" she called. "Wait a minute, boys! How did she ever get there?"

"I can't get off," wailed the child. "I'm afraid. Oh, please come and help me!"

"Stand still, then, and I will," called Letty again, beginning to step carefully from one sleeper to another.

Jack and Harry never forgot the next few minutes. It seemed as if a flash of lightning had engraved the whole picture on their hearts, so vividly could they recall it long after.

The railway track made a sharp turn out of the woods across the bridge, and passed them leading down toward the village. The afternoon sun shone through the trees on the farther bank, and flecked with light the little figure of the sobbing child, who was waiting for Letty. She had on a pink apron, and her hair was brown and curly. Jack noticed a great red butterfly over Letty's head as she stepped on the third sleeper. Then a rumbling sound, growing louder and louder, beyond made him cry out in terror, to his sister:

"Letty! Letty! come back! The train! the train!"

There it was, like a great fiery dragon, sweeping around the turn; and there was Letty on the bridge, and the little girl nearer to the opposite shore. It all happened in a moment. Letty gave a great gasp. The boys heard it, and saw her pause as if to turn back, and then, full in the face of the coming train, timid Letty sprang on toward the stranger child, and caught her in her arms, just as the engine, which had slackened speed, but could not stop before reaching them, rolled upon the bridge. Harry screamed wildly; Jack shut his eyes and dropped on the grass with a great sob. There was a rush and rumble, which seemed ages long, a shriek from the engine, and then the place was still again. When Jack opened his eyes he saw that the train had stopped as soon as it reached the shore; that a brakeman, with Harry following him, was half-way down the bridge; and beyond them Jack saw Letty herself, but crouched on the sleepers outside the track, with the brown head of the other child lying on her arm. They were both very still. "Dead!" thought Jack, with a sudden wild feeling that he loved Letty dearly, and wanted her to be with him all his life, and that he had not been kind to her that morning in the garret.

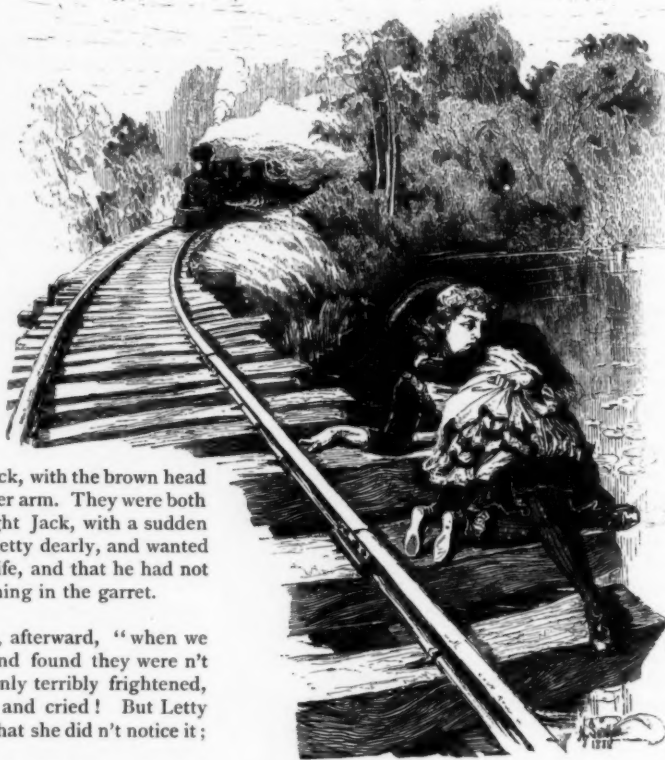
"Mamma," said Harry, afterward, "when we got them off the bridge and found they were n't either of them hurt, but only terribly frightened, Jack and I both sat down and cried! But Letty was crying so hard herself that she didn't notice it; and don't you tell!"

That evening, as Letty lay pale and quiet, but very happy, in her bed, whither she had retired much earlier than usual, Jack stole in with his sword in his hand. It was a black-walnut sword, with a brown silk cord and tassel on the hilt, and Jack was very proud of it. He sat down on the other side of the bed and held it out to Letty, in an embarrassed manner.

"You're the bravest girl I ever heard of!" he said, hurriedly; "and I'll just own up and say that I never would have dared to do what you did,—and besides, I think so much of you, Letty,—

and poetry does count, too,—and you can have my sword and be any knight you please, and I'll never be mean to you again. So there, now!"

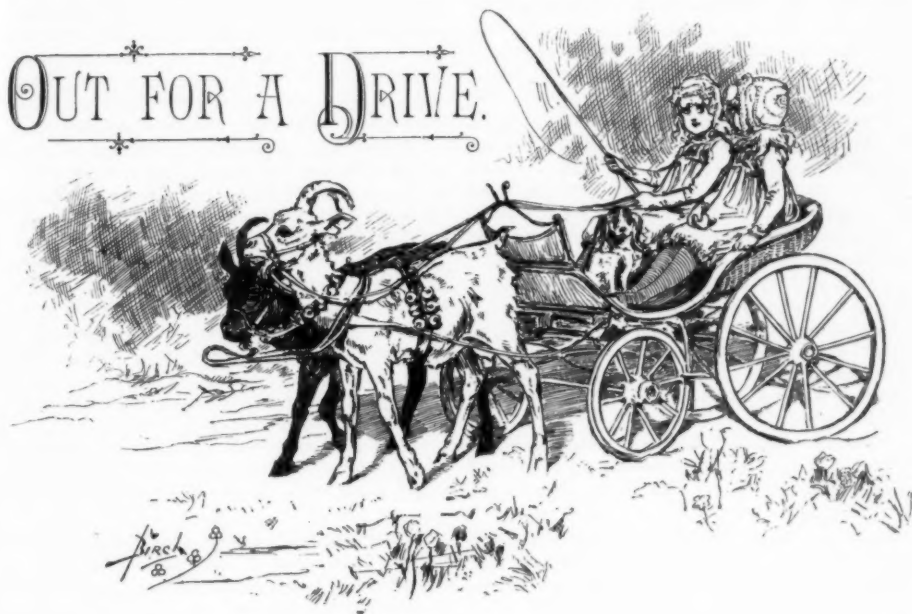
"It was to help the little girl that I went," said Letty, with a joyous smile; "and I know you would have gone on, too, if you'd been on the bridge; so you need n't say I'm braver than you are. And I know it will be more fun for all of us if you and Harry let me play with you; and I love you dearly, Jack!"



Jack looked sheepish, but pleased.

"I'll dub you knight myself, if you like," he said. "People used to like to have Sir Lancelot dub them knight."

And so, with some laughter and much enjoyment, the ceremony was performed at once; and when Mamma came in, a few minutes later, she found the little maiden-knight lying asleep, with the sword in her hand, and a look of such gladness in her face, that the tears sprang to the mother's eyes as she thought of what might have been.



HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

ELSIE BENTING was thrilled with something deeper than surprise by the expression of Kit's face and the tone of his voice.

"You are no more of a highwayman than my brothers?" she exclaimed. "Why, how can that be?"

"I took their horse," he said, "and now they have taken me. It's a mistake on both sides. I took the horse by mistake, and they have taken me by mistake, while I was on my way back with it to Peaceville." And his eyes beamed upon her with convincing candor.

"How could you ever make such a mistake as that?" she inquired, trying to remain incredulous, while her heart felt the earnest truthfulness which inspired such looks and tones.

"My uncle's horse had been stolen the night before, and I found it in one of the sheds at the cattle-show. I left a fellow to watch it—a scamp

named Branlow; I ought to have known better, but he used to work for my father, and he appeared so friendly that I thought I could trust him. I went to get something to eat, and when I came back he put me on the horse in the next shed, which he had saddled and bridled, instead of mine. It was quite dark; both horses are of nearly the same color; and I rode off in so great a hurry that I never noticed the difference until I reached home. I think now that it was Branlow who stole our horse, and that he played the trick on me, knowing just how big a blunderhead I am!"

"You a blunderhead?" said Elsie, with a smile at his eager, intelligent face.

He could not help smiling in return, rather ruefully, however.

"Does n't what I tell you prove it?" answered Kit. "If you had put me on the Peaceville race-course yesterday, and picked out the champion blunderers of America to match me, I should have come out several lengths ahead. That's

what my uncle thinks, at any rate; and no wonder!"

"The man you speak of must be the one who claimed that you had stolen his saddle and bridle," said Elsie.

"Oh, the scoundrel!" exclaimed Kit. "Did he claim that?" And he described Branlow's appearance.

"The very same!" said Elsie. "I knew he was a rogue, by the way he talked—so smooth and plausible! And my brothers were afterward convinced of it."

"I am glad he is caught!" said Kit.

"Caught?" said Elsie.

She had seated herself opposite him, and they were now conversing face to face, across the table.

"Your brothers said he was," replied Kit. "And they talked as if he and I had been stealing horses together!"

"That's what they inferred; and it certainly looked as if you were in company with him," said Elsie. "But this is the first I have heard of his being caught."

"See here, Elsie!" called Tom, from the other room. When she appeared in the door-way, he beckoned her to come nearer, and whispered, "What are you talking with that fellow for? He's fibbing to you, with every word he says."

"I am afraid somebody has been fibbing to him," she replied, with a quiet sparkle in her moist eyes. "You never told us at home here of that other fellow's having been caught."

"That's bosh, of course," said Tom. "I thought I might frighten this one into owning up, if I let him think that the other one had done so."

"I don't believe he has anything more to own up to than what he has been telling me," said Elsie. "You heard it?"

"Yes," Tom answered, carelessly; "and it's nothing new. He tried the story on us before; but when we catch a thief in the very act of riding away on our horse, we are not to be fooled by any such pretense; are we, Lon?"

"Oh, you are not, are n't you?" she replied, with keen satire. "Who was fooled last night by the *other one*, as you call him? And who was the first to understand him?"

"Of course, you were right, in his case," Tom admitted.

"And so am I right now," she averred. "I am just as sure that this boy is honest as I was that that man was a rogue."

"He may be," said Lon, shoving his chair back from the table. "But his saying so does n't make him so."

"His *being* so makes him so; and that's what I say," Elsie insisted, in a voice loud enough for

Kit to hear in the next room. "Talk about his surly, hang-dog look, Tom! He has as open, honest a face as you have; and you can't wonder that he appeared a little surly, after your treatment of him. How would you look in his place, do you suppose? Not very angelic, I imagine."

"How could we treat him any differently?" Tom asked. "If you are going to take every rogue's explanation, when he is caught, for gospel truth, I fancy few thieves would be brought to justice."

"That's so!" said Charley.

"Come, boys," said Lon, not deeming it worth while to argue the matter further. "You never can tell anything by what a rogue says. There's only one thing you can rely upon: and that's evidence. If his story is true, he'll have a chance to prove it."

He had risen from the table; his brothers followed his example.

"I've no doubt that he will be able to prove it," Elsie persisted in saying. "But think what he may have to suffer first! You won't put him in jail, will you?"

"That will depend upon what the judge says, and not upon us at all," said Lon. "We have no right to keep him a prisoner here, at any rate, any longer than is necessary."

"Wait, at least, until father comes home!"

Elsie was fairly pleading Kit's cause by this time.

"We shall probably meet him on the way," replied Lon.

"He has n't eaten anything yet," said Elsie.

"I'm sure that's his own fault, then," said Tom. "He might have been eating when he was telling you fibs."

"Promise, at any rate, that you won't tie his hands again," was Elsie's answer.

"We won't tie him if he behaves himself," said Lon. "Come, my boy!" laying his hand on Kit's shoulder.

Kit rose with a fluttering heart.

"I don't suppose there's any use of my telling you again what I've told you before," he said, indulging a faint hope that Elsie's intercession might have changed her brothers' intentions toward him.

"Not a bit of use," Lon answered, kindly enough, but firmly. "We'll give you a full and fair chance to tell it to the judge; but that's all we can do."

"Well! *you* have been good to me!" said Kit, his voice quivering, and his eyes glistening, as he turned a grateful look on Elsie. "Some time," he added, choking a little, and then resolutely mastering the passion that swelled his heart, "you'll *know* that what I have told you is true, and then you won't be sorry you took my part."

"I know it well enough now," she replied, as Lon led him away; "but don't blame my brothers too much."

"Oh, I don't blame them!"

Kit mounted to the wagon-seat with Lon and Tom; and as he rode away amid the tall tree-trunks of the sunlit grove, he took off his base-ball cap to her, in a bar of the golden light, a smile of tender brightness suddenly irradiating his anxious face, as he looked back at her, while his lips shaped an inaudible "Good-bye!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT last smile of the captive lingered long with Elsie Benting, as she stood in the door of the old farm-house, while the wagon that bore him with Lon and Tom—(Charley rode on horse-back)—disappeared up the road beyond the grove.

She hoped that they would meet her father before reaching the magistrate's office, and that he also would be quickly convinced of Kit's innocence. But when they had been gone about half an hour, Mr. Benting, with her mother, returned home by another road.

They had seen nothing of the boys; and now Elsie had the surprising news to relate of her brothers' having found the horse, and their having stopped at home with the little rider in the white cap, on their way to Duckford village.

"But he's no more a horse-thief than I am!" she asserted. "He is just a bashful boy. You should have seen how he blushed when I was talking to him! It's a strange story he tells, but I believe every word of it."

Mr. Benting, a tall man with white whiskers, and exceedingly pleasant eyes peering out from under bushy gray brows, stood by his buggy wheel at the door, looking down with a sort of humorous interest at the young girl, telling with no little dramatic effect the story of the supposed horse-thief.

"And I think it is too bad, too cruel," she said at the end, "that the poor boy should have to go to jail!"

"It would be too bad, truly," Mr. Benting replied, laying his hand fondly on her shoulder, "if he is as innocent as you suppose. But it is n't a very probable story, Elsie; now do you think it is? Consider a minute."

"But while we are considering," said Elsie, "they are putting him in jail!"

"That, probably, is where he belongs, I'm sorry to say," replied her father, with a quiet good humor, curiously in contrast with her excitement. "It's just such a story as every rogue has at his tongue's end to explain away his roguery when he is caught in it."

"I wish we had been at home," said Mrs. Benting, as he helped her from the buggy.

"So do I, for, after all, Elsie may be right. She is rather shrewd in her judgments of people. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do, little girl, to please you." (The paternal mouth puckered in a playful, affectionate smile.) "I am going to drive after the boys and see that they have made no mistake."

"Oh, what a dear, delightful old Papa!" Elsie cried, joyfully, putting up her face to kiss him.

"You'll have dinner first, won't you?" said Mrs. Benting.

"Shall I?" (He gave a sidelong, teasing look at Elsie.) "Well, never mind about dinner for me till I come back. I think I shall know when I see the fellow, how big a rascal he is. Though I warn you at the outset, little one, that the boys are probably right about him."

Entering the buggy as he spoke, he wheeled about among the trees, and disappeared up the dusty road.

The hour Elsie had to wait for his return seemed interminable. But at last, going out for the twentieth time to take a peep from under the maples, she saw the buggy and the wagon coming, with Charley on General galloping before.

Her father was alone in the buggy, but Lon and Tom were in the wagon. Where, then, was the youthful prisoner whom she had confidently expected to see returning with them?

"What did I tell you?" cried Charley, driving up under the trees. "The idea of your taking the part of such a fellow!"

Her face, bright at first with expectation, had assumed a shade of doubt, which now deepened to disappointment and dismay.

"Now, Charley," she remonstrated, "don't say that! What have you done with him?"

"Ask Father," replied Charley. "He'll tell you he had only to look at him to be perfectly sure of the kind of character he is."

"Don't tell me, Charles Benting!" exclaimed his sister, "that Father thought as badly of him as you boys did; I never will believe it!"

"He does think as badly of him as we do," he insisted, with a change of tense which she failed to notice. "And the judge——"

As he slipped off the horse he was careful to turn away his face, on which was a struggling smile he did not wish her to see.

"What did *he* say?" she demanded.

"He said it was a perfectly clear case. Stolen horse found in the possession of the boy who was seen to take it and ride it away,—there was only one thing to be done about it."

"What was that?"

"Commit him to jail, of course."

"Oh, he did n't!" said the indignant Elsie.

"Yes, he did; sober truth!" Charley insisted.

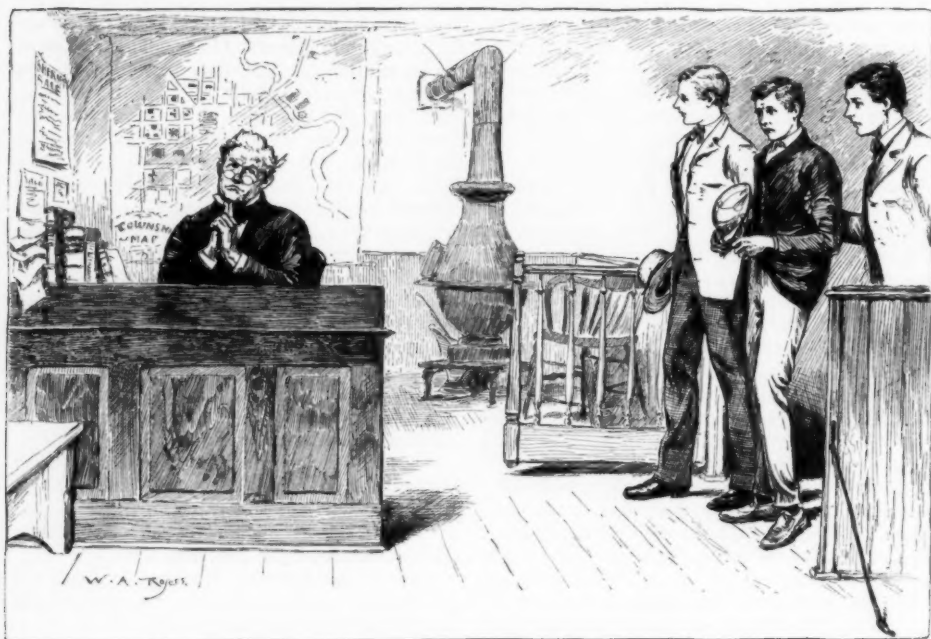
"Ask the boys; ask Father. Say, boys,"—to Lon and Tom, just then driving up,—"*did n't* the judge say it was a clear case and that he must go to jail? And does n't Father think of him just as we do? She won't believe a word I say!"

Lon and Tom were laughing. Mr. Benting's face likewise wore a good-humored smile as he drove up and heard the controversy. Getting no satisfaction from her brothers, she appealed to him.

"Well, yes, my dear," he said, "I think my

of the Duckford justice, whom they had the luck to find alone at his desk and just thinking of going home to his dinner. Charley rode on to find a constable, while Lon and Tom went in and made oath to their complaint against the prisoner.

It seemed, indeed, a perfectly clear case; and the magistrate was impatient to sniff the odors of the roast beef which he knew was just then coming out of the home oven. He gave little heed and less belief to the boy's story; but promised that he should have ample opportunity to bring proof of it, at the hearing which he appointed for the following day.



KIT IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

opinion of that boy *is* about the same as theirs. And the judge *did* commit him to jail. Charley has told you nothing but the truth; but he has n't told you quite all the truth. Why do you persist in teasing your sister, Charles?" he added, in a tone of not very severe reproof.

"To punish her for crowing over us, as she will when she hears the rest," Charley made answer.

"Oh, tell me, Father!" cried the eager Elsie.

And he told briefly what it is now time for us to relate a little more in detail.

The boys, finding they had missed their father on the way to the village, proceeded to the office

"Suppose I can't get my friends here by that time?" queried Kit.

"The hearing may be postponed, in that case. You can employ counsel, and the court will do everything for you that is deemed necessary and proper."

With these words the judge rose from his seat, putting on his hat; and Kit, for want of bail, was marched out in charge of the constable.

He was thinking dejectedly of the strait to which his blundering had at last brought him; the degradation of being put into the lock-up; the expense of a lawyer; the difficulty of getting Uncle Gray

or any one else to come and testify in his behalf; the distress of his widowed mother, and the amusement or disgust of enemies and friends, when they should hear of his predicament; with all the wretchedness of uncertainty and delay in the disentanglement of this dreadful snarl in which he had enwound himself;—he was thinking of all this, as he walked away with the officer, when a voice called out:

"Wait a minute!"

It was the voice of Lon Benting.

Lon and his brothers had found time to cool off, after the first flush of victory; and Elsie's more favorable opinion of the prisoner was beginning to influence them. Then Kit's straightforward recital of his story to the judge, without contradiction of his previous statements in the least particular, shook their boyish self-confidence, and caused them to look furtively at one another, with misgivings which each tried to conceal.

In short, the more they saw of Kit, the less of a villain he appeared to be, and the more they distrusted their suspicions. It was not half the satisfaction they had anticipated to see him led away to the lock-up. Lon and Tom, especially, were feeling the weight of their responsibility in the doubtful business, when they were vastly relieved at sight of a well-known buggy coming down the street.

"It's Father!" Tom said to the justice, who was again on the point of hurrying off to his dinner. "He will want to see you."

Mr. Benting being a citizen whom every one was glad to oblige, the magistrate paused reluctantly, and stood by his door while the buggy drove up to it. The officer also stopped, a few paces off, with his prisoner. There were a few spectators, who had witnessed the scene in the office, and more were gathering; men walking leisurely across the street, and boys in the distance running and shouting.

"What's going on here?" said Mr. Benting, drawing rein. "You've got General, I see, boys!" eying the horse with satisfaction. "And the rogue—is that the rogue?" peering out from under his bushy gray brows at the little captive.

"All that we know about him is that we caught him riding our horse away," said Tom.

"How much of a rogue he is," added Lon, "remains to be proved."

Kit could not help noticing the changed manner toward him of Elsie's big, obstinate brothers. Very different now the tone which had been so boisterous, and the judgment which had been so stern.

"How is it, Judge?" Mr. Benting inquired.

"There seemed abundant evidence to justify a commitment," the judge explained.

Mr. Benting alighted from his buggy, and

stood looking down searchingly at the miserable youngster.

Conscious of the scrutiny, and aware of many eyes fixed upon him, looking for signs of guilt in his burning face, poor Kit was very much abashed. His head was hot, his temples were throbbing, his cheeks on fire; and to save his life he could not have kept his suffused eyes from falling, before Mr. Benting's searching gaze. First they dropped from that gentleman's eyes to his white whiskers; then went down his coat-front button by button; switched off on the right leg, descended that to the boot, and so glided to the ground.

The very necessity he felt of standing up stoutly, and answering the gaze of Elsie's father with an air of open innocence, helped to betray him into this appearance of guilt. He was angry with himself, for his blushes and weak eyes; and with quick, fierce breath, and teeth set hard, he struggled to regain his self-control.

"Come!" said Mr. Benting, eying him with an expression of keen curiosity tempered by humorous compassion, "tell me frankly just how much of a rogue you are."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEN Kit looked up. He was himself again.

"I'm not used to being called a rogue," he replied; "and I can't answer such a question as that."

"But they say you were taken while riding away on my horse," said Mr. Benting. "How do you account for that?"

"I've explained, five or six times already, how that happened," said Kit, in a grieved and disappointed tone. "But I'll explain once more, and be glad to, if it will do any good."

Mr. Benting turned to the judge.

"This is hardly the place to talk with him; and, if you've no objection, I'd like to see him a few minutes in your office."

"Certainly," said the judge, with a despairing thought of his dinner. And again entering his office in company with Kit and the constable, Mr. Benting and Lon and Tom, he closed the door and shut out the crowd.

There Mr. Benting sat down in a leather-cushioned chair, and in a kindly but searching manner questioned Kit, who stood before him, still flushed, but resolute.

"I've heard something of your story, and I must say it has n't seemed to me very probable. But it may be true, for all that. 'Truth is stranger than fiction' is an old saying, and a true one. Where did you mount my horse, when you mistook him for your uncle's?"

"Under one of the cattle-sheds at the fair," said Kit.

"As I remember them, those sheds are very low-roofed. I should have thought that you could not mount very comfortably under them."

"I could n't; I had to stoop. I hit my head as it was." Kit's voice was growing steady, his countenance more and more open, and now something like a smile lighted it up as he added: "I remember how the oyster-crackers spilled out of my breast-pockets as I leaned over on the horse's neck."

"We found oyster-crackers scattered on the ground," said Lon, willing to corroborate this part of the boy's story.

"Why did n't you lead the horse out before you mounted?" Mr. Bunting inquired. "It seems to me that that would have been the most natural thing to do."

"So it would. But the fellow who helped me off had arranged everything. He did all he could to confuse me, and then he boosted me on the horse and hurried me off before I could see through his trick. Of course," Kit added, with beaming candor, "if he had let me lead the horse out from under the dark shed I should have noticed the difference between him and our Dandy."

"Is Dandy the name of your horse?"

"Yes, sir; Dandy Jim. It's the name he had when my uncle bought him." Kit smiled again. "I don't suppose my uncle would have given a horse such a name as that."

"Why not?"

"I can hardly explain. Only Uncle Gray is n't the kind of man to think of that kind of name."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Rather serious; what you would call a practical man; not much nonsense about him."

"It strikes me," remarked Mr. Bunting, "that such a man—a practical man, as you call him—would have managed this affair a little differently when he found that a boy acting for him had brought home the wrong horse. I can hardly conceive of his allowing you to come alone to return him."

"He would have come himself," replied Kit; "he spoke of it—but he was sick this morning. And as I had made the blunder, I thought that I ought to correct it."

"What's his ailment?"

A peculiarly bright look flashed out of Kit's eyes as he answered, using the flat, vernacular pronunciation of the word:

"'Azmy.' That's what Uncle and Aunt call it. He was chilled by the damp air, when he went out to look at the horse last night, and this morning he had a bumble-bees' nest in his throat."

"What does he do for his asthma?" Mr. Bunting inquired.

"He shuts himself up in his room and burns an herb that has been steeped in saltpeter. The smoke would kill me,"—Kit smiled again,— "but he thinks it cures him."

Mr. Bunting had several more questions to ask about the uncle and aunt, and the farm, and Kit's father and mother; to all which he received such prompt and natural replies, often spiced with humor, that he was forced to conclude that so much, at least, of the boy's story was not all fiction. He then wished to know why Kit, who claimed to have been on his way to Peaceville when captured, was first seen riding in the other direction. That brought out the story of the knife, which Mr. Bunting asked to see. Examining it, he found the letters C. D. engraved on the handle.

"Are these your initials?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Kit, who had already told his name, first to the Bunting boys, then to the judge, and lastly to Mr. Bunting himself. "They were my father's initials, too; the knife used to belong to him. I thought more of it for that reason; I never supposed it would be the means of getting me into trouble!"

Mr. Bunting gave back the knife; then he turned to the judge.

"I believe this is an honest boy," he said, "and if you will fix his bail at a reasonable figure, I will be his surety."

"I am glad to hear it," said the judge, perhaps almost as much on Kit's account as out of regard for his dinner.

A bond was quickly filled out and duly signed; and Kit, to his great joy, was declared free to proceed about his business until his presence should be again required by the court.

"Now, the best thing you can do," said Mr. Bunting, "is to go home with me and stay till you get over your fatigue and worry. I'll promise you better treatment than you have received from my boys hitherto."

Kit thought of Elsie and the charming old farmhouse at Maple Park, with a thrill of pleasant anticipation. But the gleam that crossed his face was quickly succeeded by shadow.

"I should be very glad indeed to do that," he replied. "But I must make one more attempt to find my uncle's horse, before I go anywhere to rest."

"How will you begin?" asked Mr. Bunting.

"I shall go to Peaceville, where I certainly saw him yesterday, and try to trace him from there. If your sons," Kit added, with a glance at Lon, "will tell me all they found out about the fellow

they took to be my accomplice, and the horse he had, which was our Dandy, they may help me now as much as they have hindered me before."

The eldest of the brothers thereupon endeavored to atone for the unintentional wrong they had done their late captive, by giving a true account of their adventure with Branlow the night before.

"After we heard that he and you had been seen together, we believed that he was aiding and abetting you; but we did n't follow him up. We left that for a policeman to do, while we made haste to hire another horse and get on the track of ours. When we last saw your man, he was going off in a buggy with the driver, who had bought your horse, leading it by a halter—to make a bill of sale of it, they said."

Kit took the name of the policeman, who, he was told, would probably be on duty that afternoon, near the fair-ground entrance. He also asked if Mr. Benting would have any objection to giving him a line over his signature, stating that his horse, supposed to be stolen, had been returned, having been taken by mistake.

"What do you want to do with such a writing as that?" Mr. Benting asked, more and more pleased with the boy's modest manners, intelligence, and apparently honest intentions.

"I want it to show, if there should be danger of my being taken up a second time for the same imaginary offense," Kit answered, with shrewd good-humor. "Your policeman will probably recognize me before I can explain myself; and he may clap me into jail without believing a word of my story."

"I'll make that all right," said his new friend.

Mr. Benting borrowed the judge's pen (the judge had already escaped and gone to his roast beef), and wrote a paper, which he handed Kit, saying:

"There! I think that will keep you out of any more such tangles. I hope you will find your horse, and give us a call on your way back, or whenever you come this way again."

He gave Kit his hand, with a pressure of the most cordial interest and good-will. Then Tom stepped up, and said: "There's a man out here who lives two or three miles away, on the road to Peaceville. He is just going to start for home, and I think he will give this boy a ride. Suppose you speak to him, Father."

The man, appealed to by the elder Benting, readily consented; and Kit climbed into his

wagon, thankful enough for his release from court and constable, and for this piece of good luck.

The brothers said good-bye to him in quite friendly fashion; and Lon begged his pardon for what he was now well convinced had been a blunder on their part.

"It's a blunder all around!" laughed Kit. "And a fellow that can make blunders as fast as I do, ought not to be very severe on others' mistakes."

Father and sons stood watching him as he rode away.

"If we had n't sent your hired horse back to Peaceville this morning," Mr. Benting remarked, "he might have had him to ride. It would have been just the thing for him."

That reminded Lon of something.

"Ho! hallo!" he called after Kit. "How about your saddle and bridle?"

Everybody had forgotten these until that moment.

"Keep 'em till I come for them," Kit answered, looking back regretfully at the tall farmer standing with his sons, and remembering the invitation he had declined,—an invitation which might have taken him back to Maple Park and the friendly Elsie.

So they returned home without him, and Charley teased his sister with half the truth, as we have seen; and her father told the rest.

"The judge did commit him to jail, my dear; but luckily I was there to offer bail for him before he was locked up. And it is true,—I had only to look at him to see the kind of character he is. But it would be better for the boys to say they have come around to my opinion, than that I think as they do about him. They think very differently now from the way they thought at first. You were quite right, Elsie, and they were quite wrong, or I am no judge of an honest boy."

So saying, Mr. Benting stepped from the buggy.

"And you have let him go free?" said the delighted Elsie.

"I suppose it will amount to that," replied her father, "although he is under bonds to appear again if the court wants him."

"Now why don't you 'crow' over us, Elsie?" laughed Charley.

But Elsie, too deeply grateful for Kit's vindication and release, to think of her own triumph, had no wish to "crow."

(To be continued.)

BATHMENDI.

(From the French of Florian.)

BY H. H. (HELEN JACKSON).

ONCE on a time, in Kousistan, a Genie lived, whose name
 Was Alzim: Money free he gave, and help to all who came;
 But first each man must promise the Genie to obey;
 To use the gifts and seek his wealth precisely in the way

The Genie said. No one could kneel before the Genie's
 throne

Until he swore his life should be controlled by him
 alone.

There came to him, one day, four sons, whose
 father, when he died,—

As they, grief-stricken, knelt by him,—with
 his last breath had cried:

“The Genie Alzim will befriend you. Go
 at once to him.

Beware, however,” * * Here he
 paused; his eye grew glazed and
 dim;

The hand of death his loving lips
 sudden forever sealed;

What warning he had meant to
 give could never be revealed.

The Genie's help in haste the sons
 set out to seek and gain;

All Kousistan his palace knew —
 the way was short and plain.

The oath required did not alarm
 the elder brothers three;

They thought so kind a Genie full
 of wisdom, too, must be.

Not so the youngest, Tâi. He re-
 membered very well

That all his life his father seemed
 beneath some evil spell,

Though oft from Alzim's palace he
 returned with gifts of gold.

So Tâi stopped his ears with wax
 and went in deaf and bold,

And with the rest knelt humbly
 down; but not a single word

Of all the rules the Genie gave to
 guide his life he heard.

Now this was what the Genie said,
 in loving tones and sweet:

“Dear children, all your luck in life
 depends on when you meet

A being named Bathmendi, whom
 the whole world seeks to know,

But few can find, because they never
 choose right ways to go.

Now I, because I love you well, will whisper unto each
 The road, by following which, he will Bathmendi surely reach.”



To Békir then, the eldest one, he said: "My son, in you
Are courage and a hero's soul. The arts of war pursue!
Go join the Persian army now. The king is brave and kind.
Bathmendi in the Persian camp I guarantee you'll find."

The second son, named Mesrou, then the Genie told to go
To Ispahan. "Your traits," he said, "are plainly such as show
A talent for success at court. Bathmendi waits you there."

To Sadder then, the third, he turned, with smiles and friendly air.
"And you," he said, "have fancy; see the world not as it is,
But painted as by poets. You will find your dream of bliss
In Agra, with the clever men and beauteous women, too.
In Agra's halls, my dear young friend, Bathmendi waits for you."

Thanks to the wax, young Tâi heard no word the Genie spoke;
But never from his countenance his watchful gaze he took;
And frequent in the crafty eyes malicious gleams he saw,
Which made him glad that he was free from such a Genie's law.
Later, he heard it had to him been said that he must seek
Bathmendi in the dervish life—devout and poor and meek.

His brothers now in feverish haste made ready to forsake
Their home, and instant search for that Bathmendi undertake.
Young Tâi bought the house and fields and bade them kind farewell;
But what the thoughts were in his heart, he was too wise to tell.
Near by there dwelt the young Amine, beloved by Tâi long;
Amine was good and simple-souled, without a thought of wrong.
Each day she asked of God two things—to save her father's life
Long years, and grant that she might be young Tâi's happy wife.
Amine and Tâi wedded now. Their years flew by like days;
Amine's old father lived with them and taught them wisest ways
Of farming; flocks and herds increased, and children, too, apace;
The little house was running o'er—a happy, merry place.

Meantime, the elder brothers journeyed long and far and wide.
Békir won fame; his bravery was heralded and cried
All Persia through. "Alzim was right," said Békir; "here must be
The place in which Bathmendi waits to bring success to me."
Alas! poor Békir! soon he found what envy and what hate
For men who win such sudden fame must always lie in wait.
The Satraps leagued against him; soldiers played him false in fight;
With chains and fetters loaded down, in ignominious plight,
In deepest, darkest dungeons thrown, poor Békir wept and sighed:
"Ah me! I think base Alzim must malignantly have lied;
Bathmendi surely cannot come to seek and help me here!"
Fifteen long years he languished thus, more wretched year by year;
At last, set free, he wandered forth, an outcast in the land,—
No friendly door to shelter him, no man to take his hand;
Unknown, forgotten, desperate, he sought the river's shore,—
Death seemed a blessed haven, where he would not suffer more.

Sudden, upon the very brink, he found himself held fast;
A ragged beggar, bathed in tears, his arms around him cast,
Sobbing: "It is my brother! Brother Békir, look on me!
Thou also, then, hast met with naught but want and misery!

"Oh, Mesrou," answered Békir, clinging close in his embrace,
 "This is my first true happiness since last I saw thy face!"

Then Mesrou told his story. 'T was like to Békir's own.
 "At first," he said, "all prospered. I was nearest to the throne,
 Prime Minister, and favorite. The court was at my feet.
 Yet, strange to say, Bathmendi I could neither see nor meet.
 But kings are weak and fickle. Courtiers plotted my disgrace;
 'T was but a step from that to death: I fled the hated place;
 Disguised in these repulsive rags, but safe, and free at last.
 Together now, at peace will we forget our troubles past.
 Safe sewed inside my inner vest I've diamonds that will sell
 For gold enough to buy a home, and always keep us well.
 To Kousistan we will return, and live by Tâi's side;
 Wise Tâi who, with Alzim's gold, did safe at home abide."

Their eager footsteps homeward, then, the gladdened brothers turned;
 And more and more, each mile, their hearts with loving ardor burned.
 The second day, at eve, they reached a little village town,
 Which kept its summer holiday: processions up and down,
 With songs and banners, all day long. Now, when the sun was low
 They scattered, homeward going, with reluctant steps, and slow.
 Leading a band of children, with his head sunk on his breast,
 They saw a man whose bearing seemed unlike to all the rest.
 Deep lost in thought he slowly walked, and never raised his eyes;
 His face familiar looked; they paused, and gazed; oh, sweet surprise!
 It was their brother Sadder, lost to them so many years;
 Into each other's arms they fell, with laughter, and with tears.

"How now!" cried Békir. "Doth the world true genius thus neglect?"
 "It seems," said Sadder, "valor wins but little more respect.
 However, true philosophy finds food for ceaseless thought
 In every chance; and wisdom true by smallest things is taught."
 This said, the children he dismissed, and led his brothers where,
 In wretched hut, alone he lived, black bread his only fare.
 "The Genie Alzim, I suspect, delights in human woe,"
 Said Sadder, after they had supped. "You know he bade me go
 To Agra, promising that thus I should Bathmendi find
 Among the men and women there of learning and of mind.
 I went. I took the place by storm. My book a furor raised.
 The whole world read and talked of it, and everybody praised.
 The Grand Mogul my patron was. I said 'Most surely I
 Bathmendi soon will meet, and find some great felicity!'
 Ha! in a day his mind the Sultan changed, and called me base;
 To please a Vizier, jealous of his Sovereign's kindly grace.
 He vowed he'd gladly order off my miserable head.
 A slave I had befriended gave me warning, and I fled;
 And after wandering for years, half starved, half dead with shame,
 School-master to the peasants here most thankfully became."

"Return with us," said Mesrou. "I have diamonds which will keep
 Us all in comfort in our home." Poor Sadder could but weep
 His thanks for such deliverance.

At early dawn, next day,
 The three, with joyous hearts, set out upon their homeward way.
 As they their journey's end approached, and Tâi's house was near,
 Their hearts oppressed began to be, with doubt and anxious fear.

"Is Tâi living? Is he poor? At any rate, we know
Bathmendi he cannot have found, because he would not go
In search of him."

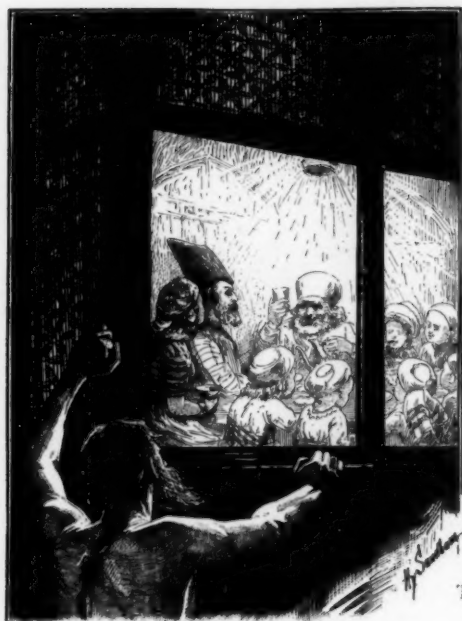
Cried Sadder, then: "Dear brothers, list to me.
Long hours I pondered in the years of my adversity.
That being, called Bathmendi, I believe does not exist;
Else all these years we had not thus his face forever missed.
If Békir, crowned with warrior's fame, and Mesrou, high at court,
And I, a Sultan's favorite, no rumor or report



Of such a being heard, 't is plain the treach'rous Alzim lied;
The falsehood served its purpose well his cruelty to hide.
Bathmendi is an empty dream, a name the world to cheat,
To ruin, luring all mankind by vain illusions sweet."

While yet he spoke, a robber band sprang from behind the trees;
With daggers at the brothers' throats, they forced them on their knees;
With mocking jests stripped off their clothes, and left them almost bare.
"Behold my illustration now," cried Sadder, shivering there.
"Alas, my diamonds," Mesrou wailed. "The wretches!" Békir said.
"They took my sword! Without a sword one might as well be dead!"
The night came on; the luckless men beheld the shining light
From Tâi's windows streaming out. Shame-stricken at their plight
They halted then, and wept afresh,—their hearts with terror cold.
At last, beneath a window lattice, Békir, trembling, rolled

A stone, and climbing, looked within. Oh, joy! what sight was seen!
 There Tâi sat, at supper, with his lovely wife, Amine,
 And a group of merry children, laughing hard as children can.
 On Tâi's left, there sat a smiling rosy faced old man,
 Just turning round, his glass in hand, to Tâi's health to drink.
 With joyful cry leaped Békir down, and, as you well may think,
 He did not lose a minute ere upon that door he knocked.
 A servant came, but screamed aloud, and ran back, scared and shocked.
 But Tâi knew his brothers, and embraced them o'er and o'er;
 And clothed their shivering forms, and led them, glad, within the door,
 And brought the children one by one to kiss them all around,
 And proudly showed the sweet Amine.—“Ah, brother, you have found
 True happiness,” cried Békir. “We have always wretched been;
 And as for that ‘Bathmendi,’ him we have not even seen.”



“That is quite true,” the rosy faced old man
 exclaimed, with glee;

“For all these years this happy place has been
 a home for me.”

“What! You are, then, Bathmendi!” cried
 the brothers, one and all;

And with embraces on his neck they quickly
 ran, to fall.

“Oh, gently! gently!” he replied; “I’m very
 delicate.

I stifle if I am embraced. Moreover, one
 must wait

Till friendship is assured before caresses can
 begin:

My lasting friendship and esteem, if you de-
 sire to win,

Abstain from busying yourselves with plans
 and thoughts of me.

’T is worth to me far more than all polite-
 ness to be free;

And everything immoderate is odious in my
 sight.”

So saying, he, with distant bow, the brothers
 bade good-night.

A good-night kiss placed gently on the fore-
 head of each child,

To Amine, and to Tâi, waved his hand and, turn-
 ing, smiled.

Next day, glad Tâi showed his brothers all his flocks and fields;
 And told them all the happiness a life of farming yields.
 Békir desired to try his hand at work that very day;
 He was the first Bathmendi loved. The rest, by slower way,
 Won his regard. Mesrou head shepherd of the flocks became.
 The poet Sadder sold the wool, and won no little fame
 By eloquence to customers.—So all their days sped on,
 And, ere the year was out, all three Bathmendi’s love had won.

They say a fable is but poor that leaveth aught to guess;
 But I, perhaps, have made this dull, and hurt it more or less.
 So I will add, “Bathmendi” means, in Persian, — “Happiness.”

THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

THIRD PAPER.

ONE of the first toys that little Boreas has is a small bow of whalebone or light wood; and sitting on the end of the snow bed he shoots his toy arrows, under the direction of his father or mother or some one who cares to play with him, at something on the other side of the snow house. This is usually a small piece of boiled meat, of which he is very fond, stuck in a crack between the snow blocks; and if he hits it, he is entitled to eat it as a reward, although little Boreas seldom needs such encouragement to stimulate him in his plays, so lonesome and long are the dreary winter days in which he lives buried beneath the snow.

These toy arrows are pointed with pins; but he is also furnished with blunt arrows, and whenever some inquisitive dog pokes his head in the *igloo* door, looking around for a stray piece of meat or blubber to steal, little Boreas, if he shoots straight, will hit him upon the nose or head with one of the blunt arrows, and the dog will beat a hasty retreat. In this sense, the little Eskimo boy has plenty of targets to shoot at, for the *igloo* door is nearly always filled with the heads of two or three dogs watching Boreas's mother closely; and if she turns her head or back for a moment, they will make a rush to steal something, and to get out as soon as possible, before she can pound them over the head with a club that she keeps for that purpose.

In these exciting raids of a half-dozen hungry dogs, little Boreas is liable to get, by all odds, the worst of the encounter. He is too small to be noticed, and the first big dog that rushes by him knocks him over; the next probably rolls him off the bed to the floor; another upsets the lamp full of oil on him; and while he is reeking with oil, another big dog, taking him for a sealskin full of blubber, tries to drag him out, when his mother happens to rescue him after she has accidentally pommelled him two or three times with the club with which she is striking at the dogs; and if it were not for his hideous yelling and crying, one would hardly know what he is, so covered is he with dirt, grease, and snow. Thus the dogs occasionally have their revenge on little Boreas for whacking them over the nose with his toy arrows, although this is not their object in rushing into the *igloo*, for the real cause is their ravenous hunger.

The duty of feeding the dogs is often intrusted to the boys, and it is no easy work. The most

common food for the dogs is walrus-skin, about an inch to an inch and a half thick, cut in strips each about as wide as it is thick, and from a foot to eighteen inches long. The dog swallows one of these strips as he would a snake; and it is so tough that when he has swallowed about twelve pieces, it is no great wonder that he does not want anything more for two days. Sometimes they cut the food up into little pieces inside the *igloo*, where the dogs can not trouble them, and then throw it out on the snow; but this is not altogether a good way; for then the little dogs get it all while the big dogs are fighting, for these big burly fellows are sure to have an unnecessary row over each feeding. If pieces too large to swallow at a gulp are thrown out, the large dogs get the food; and so, between the big dogs and the little ones, the Eskimo boys have a hard time making an equal distribution among the animals.

When they are anxious for a fair division, only one dog at a time is let into the *igloo*, a couple of boys standing at the door with sticks in their hands to prevent the other dogs from entering. When it is pleasant weather out-of-doors, they often build a semicircular wall three or four snow blocks high, and behind this a couple of men cut up the meat, blubber, or walrus-hide, and allow but one dog at a time to come in, three or four boys with long whips, their lashes fifteen or twenty feet in length, standing near the open part of the wall to keep the ravenous pack from making a raid. Once or twice I have known dogs to come bounding over the high wall, crushing in the snow blocks on the men who were chopping the meat, and stealing several pieces before the boys had finished beating the mingled dogs and men with their whips.

One winter night, I remember, while on our sledge-journey, returning to North Hudson's Bay, Toolooah was feeding his dogs, with no one to help him. He was on his knees near the *igloo* door, and throwing the bits to the various dogs, the heads of which were crowded in the entrance, and he was distributing the food as well as was possible under the circumstances. One big dog, which he could not distinguish in the dark entrance, and which, after it had received its share, had driven all the other dogs away, seemed determined not to leave. Toolooah grew angry, seized his stick and rushed out after it to settle matters. But he came rushing back even faster than he went out, seized his gun hurriedly, and as hastily was gone again.

Before we could collect our thoughts in order, or surmise what it all could mean, a shot was heard outside, and in a few seconds more Toolooah came crawling in, dragging a big wolf after him, its white fangs showing in its black mouth in a way that made us shudder. This was the big dog Toolooah had been feeding, but it did not understand the customs of the Eskimo dogs well enough to know that it must stop eating when only half satisfied; and this ignorance cost it its life.

The wolves of the Arctic, by the way, are much

The Eskimo boys have a way of playing at musk-ox hunting that is very vigorous and earnest. In April, 1879, when I was on a sledge-journey to King William's Land, we came upon a herd of musk-oxen that we had sighted the day before, and after running them with dogs for a mile or two, the herd was surrounded, or "brought to bay," as hunters would say, and a number of the musk-oxen killed. Of course we picked out some of the handsomest robes and put them on our sledges, and the next day we proceeded on our journey.



LITTLE BOREAS SHOOTING AT THE DOGS.

larger, more powerful and ferocious than those seen in our country; and when pressed with hunger, they do not hesitate at all to make a meal off the Eskimo dogs, which they kill and eat at the very door of the *igloo*, if not prevented in some way. They are very much afraid of a bright light, however, and they will not come around a village or even a single *igloo* so long as they see even a small flame, so that it is generally late in the night, when the lamp is burning low or has gone out, that they make their attacks on the dogs, four or five of them often killing or maiming two or three times as many dogs.

During that day we passed several musk-ox trails in the snow, and it was very clear that we were in a country where these animals were quite numerous. After going into camp that evening between two slight hills that sloped down to the lake, where we cut through the ice to get our fresh water, there was a time when it appeared that I was the only person out-of-doors; all of the rest of the people were inside the *igloos*, or snow huts, that had just been built, arranging the reindeer skins for the bedding for the night. Suddenly, I noticed one of our best hunting-dogs (we had forty-two dogs altogether) run excitedly over the hill, followed closely

by the remainder, one after the other. Then, to my great surprise, I saw two musk-oxen run down the farther ridge of the low hills; and the pack of

was in this case; as soon as they were "to windward" of the little snow village which we were building, our keenest-scented dog, *Parse-*



THE DOGS' DINNER-TIME.

howling, barking dogs soon brought them to bay on the ice of the lake not fifty yards from where the *igloos* were built. I acknowledge that I was nearly as much excited as the dogs over this strange and huge wild game, and I at once shouted in at the entrance of my own *igloo* to my best Eskimo hunter, Toolooah:

"*Oo-ming-muk! oo-ming-muk!!*" (Musk-oxen! musk-oxen!!)

Toolooah seized his gun and ran to the top of the nearest ridge, about twenty yards away, followed by all the hunters in camp who had heard my outcry. And then the whole band of them sat down in a row on the ridge and laughed until the air was full of the reindeer hair shaken from their coats in their convulsive mirth; for the two musk-oxen proved to be only two musk-ox robes that we had secured the day before, with a boy or two under each robe!

These boys had procured the musk-ox robes when the sledges were being unloaded, and had slipped away, unperceived by any one, while the men were building the snow houses. After wrapping the robes around them they had come down near the *igloos*, keeping on the *windward* side, or that side of the camp where the wind blowing on them must also pass over the camp. All my boy readers know that if game or wild animals thus pass near good hunting-dogs, the dogs will "scent" them, as hunters would say. And so it

neuk, a beautiful curly-haired, sharp-eared, lithe-built black fellow, that always led all chases after swift game, smelt the musk-ox robes, and—with his thoughts full of the day before, its exciting chase, and, better than all, its good fine meal of musk-ox meat—he dashed over the ridge to investigate. The result I have stated. The poor dogs seemed as badly sold as I had been, for all the camp had been drawn out by the excitement and noise; and so long as the boys kept the shaggy robes over their shoulders and faces, and kept their backs together with their heads outward, as do the musk-oxen themselves when surrounded and brought to bay by wolves or dogs, our dogs kept barking and snapping and jumping at them, evidently thinking they were genuine musk-oxen, and that there was a good prospect of another nice dinner if they only kept the oxen from running away until the hunters came up and killed them, as in the case of the real musk-oxen.

A musk-ox resembles a buffalo in appearance, except that the musk-ox has no "hump" on its shoulders, and the hair on its robe is two or three times as long as that on the buffalo (or American *bison*, as it should be called). In the winter-time this long hair reaches down beyond the knees almost to the hoofs, and when the musk-oxen are walking on the soft snow, they sink in so that you can not see their legs at all. It was this long hair, hanging down so low as to almost cover the legs

of the boys hidden underneath the robes, that had so helped to deceive me when I first saw them, and caused me to put the whole camp in an uproar and thereby fasten a very good joke on myself—a joke that clung to me a long time.

Toooloah, who was one of the most merry-hearted and best-natured young Eskimo I ever saw, and who, as I have told you, was my best hunter, laughed until his sides were sore and his eyes were red; and for several weeks after that he would occasionally say "*oo-ming-muk!*" and laugh until the tears ran down his cheeks. It was not very

supposed prey, all the more fierce where there is so unusual a number as forty-two dogs and but two musk-oxen. Then with their toy arrows, which are specially blunted for this rough play, the other boys pelt the dangling robes in an earnest way that must often make the boys under the robes smart with pain, so heavily do the blunted arrows *thud* against them; but these little savages expect their plays to be very rough, and a whack over the knuckles that would break up a whole base-ball game of white boys, only brings out an emphatic "*I-yi!*" (their "*ouch!*") and the rough, harum-



ESKIMO BOYS PLAYING AT HUNTING THE MUSK-OX.

often that they had a good joke on a white man, and this one they seemed to enjoy to their hearts' content.

But the musk-ox hunt is not over yet for the boys; in fact, the most exciting part is still to come. As soon as the mock musk-oxen are "brought to bay" by the excited and foolish dogs, the other boys get their bows and arrows and hurry to the spot, encouraging the dogs, which have now become furious and wild, and have formed a most ferocious circle around their

scarum game goes on. In a little while, the dogs seem to comprehend that there is some foolishness about the matter, and begin to drop off one by one, in the order of their ability to see through the joke, and finally the game dies a natural death for want of the dogs and the noise and excitement which contribute to it.

The boys' mock polar-bear hunt is so much like their musk-ox hunt that a few lines will describe it. One of the boys of the village gets a polar-bear robe, and wrapping it around him after he is

out among the ice-hummocks about the village, he comes crawling along some sledge-path near the *igloos*, when he is discovered by the dogs and surrounded. This is likely to be much rougher sport than that of musk-ox hunting, for the boys take their spears and jab away at their brother in the bear robe, until you would think they would break some of his ribs; while the dogs, emboldened by these supposed brave advances, oftentimes take big bites of fur from the dangling edges of the robe. The mock bear rears up on his hind feet and growls in a very ferocious manner, until, worn out at last with his hard work and with having his head so tightly covered up with a heavy robe, he finally falls over at some thrust of a spear and pretends to expire. But the next moment he crawls out from the robe, much to the disgust of the dogs, with their hopes of a fine meal of bear flesh.

It is no uncommon event for a polar bear to prowl along the ice-floes of the sea-coast, which is its favorite walk, until it finally stumbles on an Eskimo village; and if the dogs see it or smell it, it is very apt to be brought to bay near by, and then killed by some of the native hunters who have been alarmed by the noise and outcry. A fair fight on the open ice with a large polar bear is somewhat dangerous, for if severely wounded it may tear the hunter to pieces. The Eskimo seldom wound any dangerous animals, for, being a very brave people,—that is, personally brave,—they generally go so close that, unless some accident with the fire-arms happens, the animal, whether it is bear or musk-ox, is usually killed at the first shot.

I once found an old Eskimo hunter, however, in my camp in North Hudson's Bay, whose hair and scalp had been taken completely off by the bite of a wounded bear that he had endeavored to kill; and Toolooah once fired at a big bear, with too hasty an aim, hoping to save one of his dogs that the bear had under its paws. He only wounded the huge animal, which instantly

charged him, and was only killed by a lucky shot just as it was close upon the hunter.

Toolooah told me that he has seen polar bears climb up places so steep and perpendicular that the natives could not follow them without cutting in the wall of ice niches wherein to put their hands



POLAR BEAR KILLING A WALRUS.

and feet, and even in some instances, an ice-wall so high that the hunters dared not attempt to climb it on account of the danger of slipping and killing themselves. A British explorer of the Arctic regions says that he once climbed to the top of an iceberg,

and there found a big white bear sleeping away, in quiet possession. The bear, on discovering the party, jumped over the perpendicular side of the ice mountain, *fifty-one feet*, into the sea, and swam to the nearest land, which was more than twenty miles away.

The polar bears live on seal and walrus, crawling stealthily up to the former on the ice-floes and catching them; while of the walrus only the young are thus caught, for an old walrus is

twice as big as Bruin. Some Arctic explorers, however,—Captain Hall and Dr. Rae among others,—state that the bears sometimes surprise an old walrus by climbing above him on a precipitous hill, or the walls of an iceberg, and then taking stones or huge pieces of ice in their forepaws and throwing them with such force as to crack the walrus's skull as he lies asleep or at rest on the ice. Then the bears spring down on the stunned walrus and finish him.

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

II.—HANDEL.

PROBABLY no musician has a closer hold on the hearts of English-speaking people than Georg Friedrich Handel.

He was born at Halle, in Saxony, February 23, 1685. Unlike most of the great musicians, Handel does not seem to have inherited his talent; his father was a barber and surgeon, and nowhere in the family can we discover any special love for music.

Handel, however, seems to have been "a born musician"; he turned everything he touched into sound. For some time he astonished and amused his parents and all who heard him; but as his love for music seemed ever to grow within him, his father, who had destined him for the law, banished every musical instrument from the house, and declared that the boy should hear no more of them. The boy, however, managed to smuggle a clavier* into the house, and hid it in the attic; and night after night, when all in the house were asleep, he practiced on the muffled keys, teaching himself until he could play upon it with much skill.

About this time his father decided to visit a relative attached to the household of the Duke of Saxony at Wessenfels. The Duke was very devoted to music, and Handel, who had probably learned this fact, implored his father to take him, too; but in vain. Nothing daunted by the denial, the persistent little fellow ran after the carriage until his father discovered him and took him in. He became a great favorite at Wessenfels, and one Sunday afternoon, after the choir had finished singing, the organist lifted the child to the stool and told him to play; and play he did, with so much expression and delicacy, that the Duke de-

manded his name, and sent for his father. He begged the latter to give up the project of making a lawyer of his son, predicted a brilliant future for him if his musical genius were cultivated, and sent the child away with his pockets filled with coin, and the father converted to the idea of a musical education for his son.

Arriving at Halle, the father placed Handel under the instruction of Friedrich Zachau, who taught the lad the organ, harpsichord, violin, counterpoint, and fugue, besides all his musical studies. He also entered the Latin school, where he made rapid progress in every branch he undertook. He worked very diligently at his music, always composing some work for the organ each week. At the end of three years Zachau declared that his pupil knew all he could teach him, and advised that young Handel be sent to Berlin to study; so at the age of eleven the boy found himself in Berlin, where his clavichord-playing caused a great sensation. Here, among other composers, he saw much of Attilio Ariosti and Giovanni Buononcini, both of whom he was to meet later under far different circumstances. Ariosti took great interest in the child, giving him little hints about his music, and delighting to hear him improvise. Buononcini, on the contrary, was envious of the little fellow, and determined he would hear no more of his praises. In order to crush him, he composed a cantata filled with difficulties that would have taxed an artist, and handing it to the boy, he told him to play it at sight, thinking thus to humiliate him. To his surprise Handel executed it, not only with ease, but with all the polish of a veteran musician. The Elector of Hanover recognized his genius, and offered to send him to Italy to complete his musical education, but his father declined the kind offer,

* The clavier is the key-board of a clavichord, organ, or pianoforte.

and the boy returned home, where, soon after, the father died. Meantime Handel kept on at school, distancing all his school-mates as a Latin scholar, and worked at his music, composing and practicing. In his eighteenth year he accepted a position as organist at the cathedral in Halle, playing the organ at the services, instructing the choir in vocal music, and setting many parts of the service to music. At the end of a year his engagement ended, and he determined to seek his fortunes. He had nothing but genius and goodwill; but that was capital enough for the ambitious youth, who felt that he should some day write music that would be heard by the world. He arrived at Hamburg, the city in which he had determined to settle, and soon obtained a position as second violinist in the orchestra of the opera house. Here he formed an intimacy with a tenor of the opera named Mattheson, who says: "At this time Handel pretended he was a know-nothing, and acted as if he could not count five; but one night when the harpsichord player was absent, he slipped into his place and so performed that all knew him for the man I had long felt him to be."

Shortly after this Mattheson and Handel had a quarrel, which resulted in a duel, but fortunately neither of the men was hurt.

Handel's first opera was produced at this time, and met with very great success; it was followed by two more, which were received with the same unbounded enthusiasm, and his fame soon spread throughout Germany.

In 1706 he started for a tour through Italy, visiting all of the principal cities. While there he was constantly composing, and his operas were publicly produced as fast as he could write them. His visit was one continued triumph, and praise and honors came to him from all.

At the end of three years he decided to return to Germany and to accept a position as Capellmeister to the Elector of Hanover, on condition that, before assuming his new duties, he should be allowed a year's leave of absence to visit England. This was readily granted, and in the winter of 1710 he arrived at London, the city which was to be his real home and the scene of his greatest work. At this time the musical taste of the public was at a low ebb; Italian operas held the stage, and these only of the poorest kind. The people, therefore, were delighted with Handel's music, and he met with instant success.

The first opera which he produced was his "Rinaldo," written by him in twenty-seven days; it charmed the public, and everywhere the airs were whistled, sung, and played. He received every kind of attention, and became the idol of

the public. But among all his experiences at this time, none was more singular than his acquaintance with Thomas Britton. This remarkable man carried a coal-sack on his shoulder all day, and at night pored over books until he had educated himself. Music, however, was his favorite pursuit, and this brought him into contact with Handel. His house was very old and shabby; it was entered by outside steps, which were almost a ladder; within, the ceilings were so low that one could touch them; but here Britton lived with his books and his music, and here he entertained cultivated people, evening after evening, with music, conversation, and coffee. Here Handel delighted to go, and when he did so he would play on the harpsichord almost the entire evening. At length Handel's year was up, and he left London very reluctantly and to the regret of the whole people.

After returning to Germany he found his heart was still in London, and he again obtained permission to visit England. This he did in 1712. During the following year he wrote an ode for Queen Anne's birthday, a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, all of which met with unbounded appreciation.

With London at his feet, how could Handel return to Hanover? And so he overstaid his leave and lingered on, until, in 1714, Queen Anne died and the Elector, Handel's master, ascended the English throne as George I.

Handel was now in much distress as to the action the King might take in regard to him, but he had kind friends at court, who brought his own music to his aid to relieve his distress.

Hearing that the King intended taking an excursion on the Thames, Handel wrote the "Water Music," which was played on the boat following the King. The latter was charmed with the strains and wished to know the composer. One of Handel's friends told the King, begging him to forgive the composer for his fault. The King pardoned him on the spot, and in token of his forgiveness added two hundred pounds a year to his pension.

During the next year Handel visited Hanover, and on his return to England, accepted a position as director at the private chapel of the Duke of Chandos. Besides playing on the organ and training the choir, he worked industriously at writing, composing constantly *Te Deums*, anthems, and even producing an oratorio. In 1720 he accepted the directorship of the Royal Academy of Music; some of Handel's compositions were sung, and for a long time the operas were very successful, and Handel ruled everything. But in an evil hour for him, Ariosti and Buononcini were invited to London to compose for the Academy. It was suggested that each of the three composers should write an act of a new opera. Handel's was incom-

parably superior, and his rivals became very jealous; each composer had his supporters, who were very bitter partisans, and party spirit ran high. The feud gave rise to the following little epigram:

"Some say, compared to Buononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle;
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!"

The three composers continued to write for the Academy until 1728, when, after an unsuccessful season, the Society failed. Handel now determined to conduct in a theater of his own; and for some years he met with varying success, at one time drawing brilliant audiences, at others seeming almost forgotten by the public. His health at last gave way, and, ruined in purse, he severed all connection with the theater. He now began to compose those mighty works on which his fame rests. In 1740 his "Israel in Egypt," which he had written in twenty-seven days, was performed and proved a failure. After the first night it was announced that Italian choruses would be mingled with the oratorio, but even this proved unsuccessful, and after the third performance it was withdrawn. One can only pity a public that could not appreciate these sublime creations. The tireless composer continued to write, and during this same year set to music, among other poems, Milton's "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*."

But Handel still longed for appreciation, and he determined to accept the oft-repeated invitations he had received to visit Ireland. He remained there two years, during which time he received an ovation from the Irish public, which appreciated and loved his works. There his "Messiah," the best loved of all his oratorios, was first given to the world. When first sung in England, it produced a great effect on all who heard it, and as the "Hallelujah Chorus" first broke upon the audience, the King and people involuntarily rose to their feet,—a tribute to genius which still remains, and to this day every one stands when the "Hallelujah Chorus" is sung.

After his return to London Handel once more assumed the management of a theater, and again he failed. From this time he devoted himself to

composition. Until his blindness came upon him in 1752. Still, he presided at the organ when any of his oratorios were sung. When "Samson" was first given after his blindness, and the singer came to the lines:

"Total eclipse, no sun, no moon,
All dark amid the blaze of noon,"

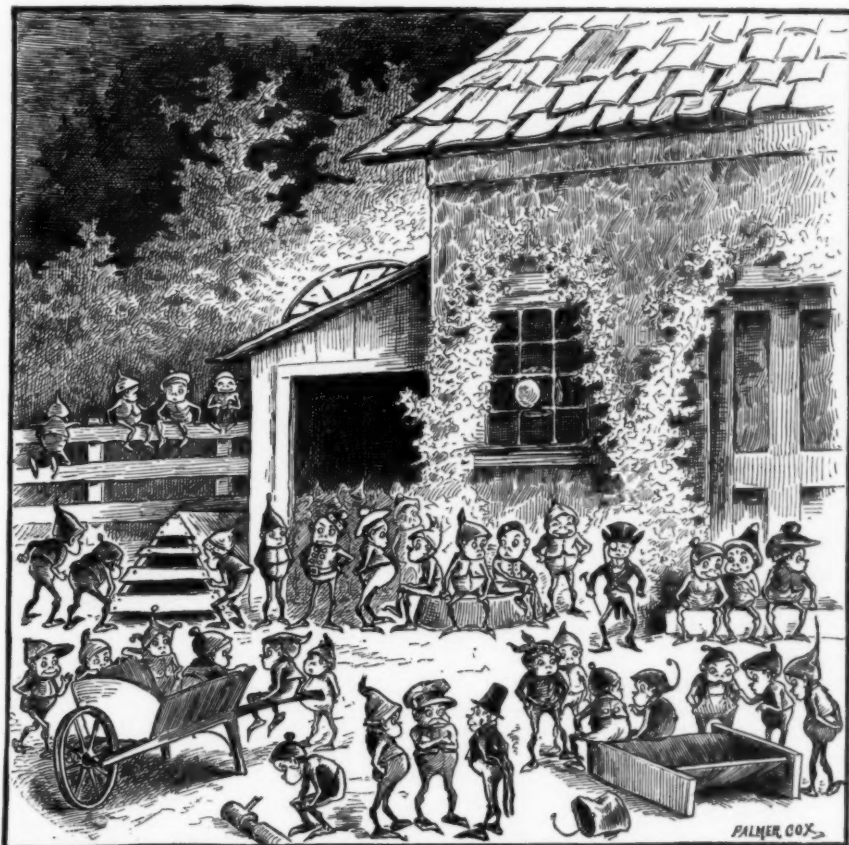
Handel trembled, and many in the audience were moved to tears. He lingered on a few years longer and conducted a performance of the "Messiah" for the last time, on April 6, 1759, and died on April 14.

Handel was tall and dignified in appearance, with a strong, beautiful smile, which lighted his countenance when he was pleased. He wore a white wig which always nodded when the performance went well. He was a highly educated man, speaking French and Italian, and having a fine taste for pictures. He was very humorous, and it is said that had ours been his native language, he would have left behind him many witty sayings. His improvisations on the organ were wonderfully beautiful; his playing on the harpsichord and organ was excelled by that of only one man in his day,—Sebastian Bach.

Great, however, as was Handel's execution, his real field was in oratorio, and it is for his achievements in this direction that he is loved by the whole English-speaking people, and for this they love to call him theirs. And he is an Englishman in everything but birth. His life was passed in England, he was English in his tastes, and was molded by English influences. He wrote for the English people, and they now, above every other nation, love and appreciate his works. It is interesting to contrast him with the illustrious Bach, who has never been appreciated by the people, while every musician has mastered him as the A, B, C of music, without which nothing can be done. Handel, on the contrary, speaks to all, and will never cease to appeal to the highest emotions of those who hear his mighty works, but he has never influenced the history of music. It seems as if he had pushed oratorio to its highest limit, and as if his work in this field, like Beethoven's in symphony, can never be excelled in the future, as it has never been excelled in the past.

THE BROWNIES AND THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

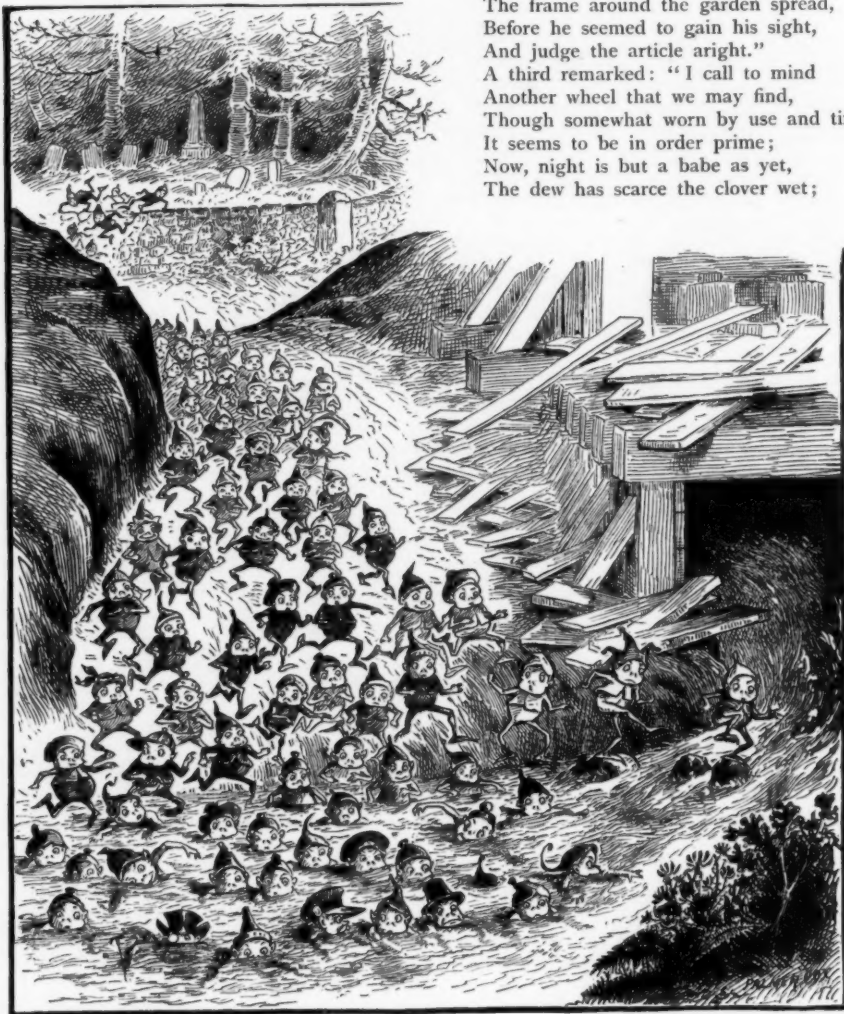
BY PALMER COX.



ONE evening, with the falling dew,
Some Brownies 'round a cottage drew,
And, while they strolled about the place
Or rested from their recent race,
Said one: "I 've learned the reason why
We miss the 'Biddy, Biddy!' cry,
That every morning brought a score
Of fowls around this cottage door;
'T is rheumatism most severe
That keeps the widow prisoned here.
And brushes, brooms, and mops around,
An unaccustomed rest have found.
Her sheep go bleating through the field,
In quest of salt no herb can yield,

To early roost the fowls withdraw
With drooping wings and empty craw,
While sore neglect you may discern
On every side, where'er you turn.
Her neighbors' eyes, at times like these,
Seem troubled with some sad disease
That robs them of the power to spy
Beyond where private interests lie.
If help she finds in time of need,
From Brownies' hands it must proceed.'
Another said: "The wool, I know,
Went through the mill a month ago.
I saw her when she bore the sack
Up yonder hill, a wondrous pack

That caught the branches overhead,
And round her heels the gravel spread.
The oily rolls are somewhere nigh,
And waiting for the spindle lie.
On these we might our skill have shown,
But trouble never flies alone;



Her spinning-wheel is lying there
In fragments quite beyond repair.
It happened in this tragic way:
While standing out at close of day,

A passing goat, with manners bold,
Mistook it for a rival old,
And knocked it 'round for half an hour
With all his noted butting power.
They say it was a striking scene,
That twilight conflict on the green;

The wheel was resting on the shed,
The frame around the garden spread,
Before he seemed to gain his sight,
And judge the article aright."

A third remarked: "I call to mind
Another wheel that we may find,
Though somewhat worn by use and time,
It seems to be in order prime;
Now, night is but a babe as yet,
The dew has scarce the clover wet;

By running fast and working hard
We soon can bring it to the yard;
Then stationed here in open air
The widow's wool shall be our care,

And all we meet with, high or low,
We 'll leave in yarn before we go."

This suited all, and soon with zeal
They started off to find the wheel;
Their course across the country lay
Where great obstructions barred the way;

And band and fixtures, all complete;
And soon beneath the trying load
Were struggling on the homeward road.

They had some trouble, toil, and care,
Some hoisting here, and hauling there;
At times, the wheel upon a fence

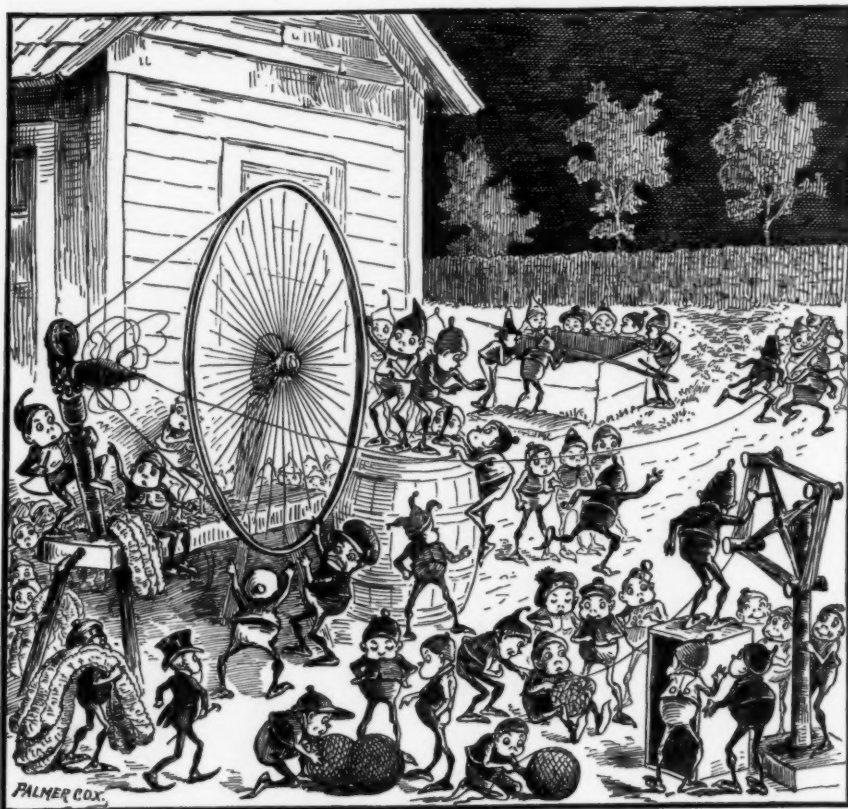


But Brownies seldom go around
However rough or wild the ground.
O'er rocky slope and marshy bed,
With one accord they pushed ahead,—
Across the tail-race of a mill,
And through a churchyard on the hill.
They found the wheel, with head and feet,

Defied them all to drag it thence,
As though determined to remain
And serve the farmer, guarding grain.
But patient head and willing hand
Can wonders work in every land;
And cunning Brownies never yield,
But aye as victors leave the field.

Some ran for sticks, and some for pries,
And more for blocks on which to rise,
That every hand or shoulder there,
In such a pinch might do its share.
Before the door they set the wheel,
And near at hand the winding reel,
That some might wind while others spun,
And thus the task be quickly done.
No time was wasted, now, to find
What best would suit each hand or mind,

Their mode of action and their skill
With wonder might a spinster fill;
No forward step or two, then back,
With now a pull and now a slack,
But out across the yard entire
They spun the yarn like endless wire,—
Beyond the well with steady haul,
Across the patch of beans and all,
Until the walls, or ditches wide,
A greater stretch of wool denied.



But here and there, with common bent,
In busy groups to work they went.
Some through the cottage crept about
To find the wool and pass it out.
With some to turn, and some to pull,
And some to shout, "The spindle's full!"
The wheel gave out a droning song,—
The work in hand was pushed along.

The widow's yarn was quickly wound
In tidy balls, quite large and round.
And ere the night began to fade,
The borrowed wheel at home was laid,
And none the worse for rack or wear,
Except some bruises here and there,
A spindle bent, a broken band,
The owner failed to understand.

SPRING-TIME.

BY FLORENCE R. HILL.

A TINY little seed am I,
In the mold,
Hidden from the great blue sky
And the cold.

Now I'll throw a rootlet out,
Feel around.—

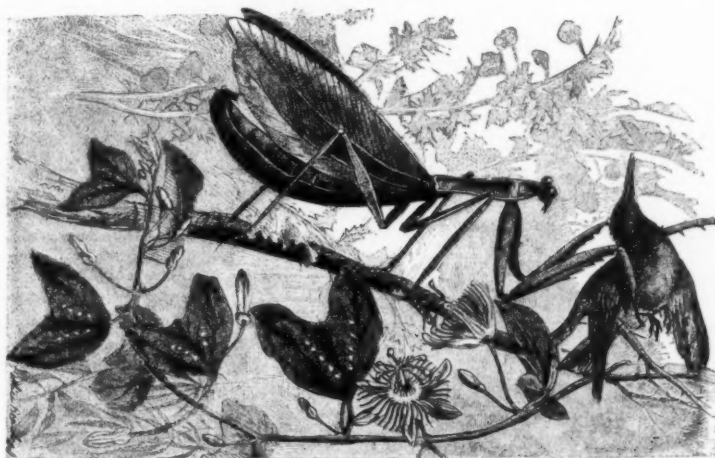
There! I've really turned about
In the ground!

Did I hear a bluebird sing?
Could it be?

If I did, it must be spring,—
I'll go see!

ANIMAL TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.



AN INSECT (THE LARGE MANTIS OF SOUTH AMERICA) CAPTURING A BIRD.

THE animals all have vocations of some kind. From the largest elephant to the smallest insect they have a certain work to perform that is of more or less importance in making all life move along harmoniously. And it is sometimes curious to see how exactly our trades are imitated by them. We see the carpenter-bee working in wood, also numerous beetles and ants and the sexton-beetles burying the dead of insects; the snails and ants are miners, the *Pholas* even carrying a miner's lamp; the birds build wonderful structures, and can fitly claim to be architects. And so we might go on through a long list of workers in metal, wood, or

clay; while others are kings, queens, laborers, slaves, soldiers, navigators, and what not.

But it is with some curious animal hunters, or trappers, that we wish just now to become better acquainted. In human endeavors to capture game, a variety of traps and devices are brought into use. Sometimes great nets are used to ensnare birds, and pitfalls to lure larger game, while the sportsman, hidden by a mimic forest, floats down unsuspected upon the wild water-birds. But of all these devices, and many more, we find exact counterparts among the lower animals; either we imitate them or they us,—who shall say? And

now for the comparison. We have spoken of the hunter who surrounds himself by bushes,—well, there is an insect that imitates the twigs and branches themselves, and so creeps upon its game. Various insects of the genus *Mantis* are found throughout the world, and are very common in our Middle States, specimens often being seen on the fences standing perfectly still, with their great claws lifted high in air, exactly as if they were praying; and from this peculiarity they are called the "Praying Mantis." Similar names are given to this insect in France and Italy. The Hottentots worship the mantis as a divinity; and if one alights upon a person, he or she is looked upon ever after as a saint. Notwithstanding all this, the mantis is a cowardly, treacherous hunter. It resembles the twigs and boughs upon which it crawls, both in color and shape; and when a smaller insect approaches, it creeps along with a stealthy, cat-like motion and suddenly seizes the victim with its knife-like claws. In South America they attain a large size, and, according to Burmeister, the Mantis of the Argentine Republic even captures small birds if they happen to dart too near it.

Even among themselves these insects are vicious and cannibalistic, fighting upon the slightest provocation. The Chinese even keep them in bamboo cages, and exhibit them as prize-fighters. In their combats their movements are those of a swordsman; blows are given with their sword-like fore legs, and a vigorous battle kept up until one succumbs, when the victor devours his vanquished enemy then and there.

In Africa, deep pits are often made by human hunters to capture game, and among the insects



ANT-LION CAPTURING AN ANT.

we find the ant-lion (*Myrmeleon*) adopting a similar ruse. Its eggs are laid in sandy places, and when the young ant-lions appear they have no wings, and are flat little creatures with immense



A DRAGON-FLY CAPTURING A FISH.

jaws. As soon as born, the curious larvæ proceed to work. Each young ant-lion selects a soft place in the sand, and by turning itself around and around, it traces an exterior circle; and by continuing the spiral motion, and gradually retreating to the center, it marks out and forms a cavity having spirals like those of a snail shell. Next, these are smoothed down by an ingenious process. If a pebble rolls in, or is found in the slope, the ant-lion places it upon its head, and with a sudden jerk sends it far out of the pit. But sometimes pebbles are found that are too heavy to be thrown out in this way, and then another plan is adopted. The pebble is carefully rolled upon the flat back of the ant-lion, which starts up the incline with its tail high in air, so that the load is kept upon a level, and finally deposited upon the outside. If the pebble is round, many attempts have to be made; and an ant-lion has been seen to make seven or eight trials to carry out a pebble, each time carefully following up the track made by the pebble in rolling down, only finally, as if mortified by constant failure, giving it up and seeking another spot. The pit completed is seen to be a circular or conical depression, at the bottom

of which the wily hunter conceals itself, only its jaws and many eyes being visible; and here it awaits its prey, that sooner or later comes tumbling in. Ants that happen to be off on a foraging journey are the most frequent victims. The ant comes running along rapidly, and is over the edge of the pit before he knows it, the treacherous sand giving way and precipitating him down toward the concealed lion. A moment more and two (to him) enormous jaws open, and the ant quickly disappears from sight forever. Sometimes, instead of tumbling down into the pit, the ant obtains a foothold and almost escapes; but in such a case the ant-lion throws aside all concealment, rushes out, and shovels sand upon its struggling victim, and by successive jerks bombards it with such a fusillade of sand that, beaten and confused, it rolls down into the open jaws of the cruel hunter. For two years the ant-lion carries on its predatory warfare, gradually growing larger and enlarging its pit, until finally it is ready to change into a chrysalis. It then envelops itself in a round ball of sand, cemented together by fine silken cords. In this cocoon it lives for about three weeks, when it emerges a perfect four-winged insect resembling the dragon-fly.

The dragon-flies themselves are bold and voracious hunters, and with their gauzy, lace-like wings, brilliantly colored bodies and rapid flight, are among the most beautiful of the insect tribe. Grubs, butterflies, insects of all kinds, are their legitimate prey, and in New Zealand the giant dragon-fly has been observed chasing small fresh-water fishes about in a shallow pond, making desperate dashes at them, finally seizing one by its upper or dorsal fin, and amid repeated duckings and struggles bearing it away to a neighboring bush to be devoured, after the manner of the kingfishers. Gosse, the English naturalist, observed a similar instance in Alabama. The winged fisherman—a large dragon-fly—was seen chasing the affrighted fishes, dashing into the water with a splash, the finny prey rushing about in terror, soon congregating, however, to be again attacked by the swift-winged hunter, which finally secured one of them. The larvæ of the dragon-fly live under water and are extremely voracious, often capturing small fishes with their powerful jaws.

The webs of many spiders are really very similar to the traps of professional bird-catchers in the East. One of the trap-door spiders comes out of its nest at dusk, fastens back the door with a cord of

silk, erects a long web, and then patiently awaits the entanglement of some luckless insect. At the first break of day the web is taken down, the trap-door lowered, and nothing is seen of the spider until the evening. Other spiders leap after their prey like tigers, first attaching a single thread of silk to the starting-point—by which, if they fail to strike the victim, they swing off and return up the thread, to make the attack anew. Others entangle their prey, rolling them over and over and winding them in silk, in which they are kept till wanted. Small snakes, lizards, and various tiny animals are thus caught, and, though weighing vastly more than their captors, are lifted clear of the ground into the fairy-like nets.

The largest web of which I ever heard, however, is not a trap, and is built by the larva of a butterfly from Australia. A lady, observing the insects, placed a number of them in a room upon her veranda. Having to use the apartment some time after, she found, to her astonishment, that the walls were completely covered by a beautiful, uniform web, attached at the corners by coarse threads, so that it hung like a tapestry of silvery sheen, presenting an unbroken surface of about two hundred and fifty-two square feet, a wonderful work for a few little creatures, each hardly five-twelfths of an inch long.

In some of the islands of the Pacific, webs have been found in which living birds were entangled,



THE PERIPATUS CAPTURING AN INSECT IN ITS WEB. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and in Bermuda, other kinds of webs, the threads of which were so stout that they have been used as sewing-silk. For many years the account given by Madame Merian of the spider that hunted birds and

lizards was not believed, but Mr. H. W. Bates, the naturalist, has observed a similar instance in Brazil, that can not better be told than in his own words: "In the course of our walk, I chanced to verify a fact relating to the habit of a large hairy spider, belonging to the genus *Mygale*, in a manner worth recording. The species was *Mygale avicularia*, or one very closely allied to it; the spider was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and head were covered with coarse gray and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds—finches—were entangled in the pieces. . . . One of them was quite dead. . . . I drove away the spider and took the birds, but the second one soon died. . . . I found the circumstance to be quite a novelty to the residents hereabout," who were far from being afraid of the spider, allowing their children to tie a string about the body of the giant *Mygale* and lead it about as one would a cat or dog. They called them "Aranhas caranguejeiras," or "Crab Spiders."

A very curious hunter, if so we may call it, is seen in the *Peripatus*—a caterpillar-shaped insect, found in Panama, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in other countries. They are sluggish, though possessing seventeen legs, each provided with a pair of short claws for clinging. They are mainly vegetable eaters, but they have a wonderful web-

making arrangement, by which they are enabled to check the advance of an enemy at a moment's notice. From glands secreted near the mouth, they eject at the slightest warning myriads of fine threads of a



sticky secretion, that cross and recross each other like liquid darts in the air, crystallizing immediately and forming a complete web in front of the cater-

pillar. This web solidifies about any unfortunate insect, securing it by almost invisible bands, until

the unwieldy *Peripatus*, when disposed, breaks in and dines upon it. The web is often thrown out when the animal is touched or alarmed, and as it is acid and bitter it must be an effective defense, and fatal to many insects and small animals.

Gathering fruit can scarcely be called trapping, and yet there is a stratagem attributed to that "walking bunch of tooth-picks" called the hedgehog, which may properly have a place in this article. It seems that fruit is frequently found in the hedgehog's sleeping apartment, and its presence there is explained in this remarkable way: It is known that hedgehogs often climb walls, and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spines, and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump, they have been seen to strike upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them; and this has given rise to the opinion that in some such way they may have stored their winter homes.



"MYSELF, OR ANOTHER?"

[A STORY FOR GIRLS WRITTEN BY A GIRL.*]

BY MARION SATTERLEE.

A LARGE, home-like room. A few cases of books line the walls, the furniture is somewhat threadbare, and the carpet decidedly the worse for wear; a long table strewn with school-books, slates, and pencil-ends occupies the foreground, and a student lamp sheds its mild light over the inky table-cover. The fire-place is black and dreary, and the only really cheerful object in the room is the face of a girl of sixteen, with dark hair and blue eyes, who sits busily engaged in painting. A bright smile lights her thoughtful face as her hand moves rapidly yet carefully, working out the details of her design.

Another girl, twelve years old, kneels on a chair, resting her head on her hands and her elbows on the table. Her bright hair falling over her face partly conceals her troubled look; but one can see that her forehead is contracted by a frown and her eyes glisten with hardly suppressed tears. She pushes her book away from her and drums impatiently on the table. The elder girl continues her painting, singing softly to herself, and pays no attention to the various signs of vexation displayed by her little sister. At last she looks up and says, rather quickly:

"Well, Katie, what is it?"

This question is a great relief to Katie, as it gives her an opportunity to vent her injured feelings.

"You know what it is, just as well as I do, Alice. All the girls are going back to school this year, and I just *long* to go! I can't study alone; no one will ever hear my lessons or take any interest in them. I shall fall far behind the other girls, and you know I was at the head nearly all last winter. Oh, dear, why can't I go back?"

Then Katie's tears overflowed and trickled down upon the tattered arithmetic over which she had been puzzling.

Alice well knew how hard it was for the ambitious little girl to be withdrawn from school for a whole year and left to her own devices, without the society of her beloved "girls"; so that when she spoke, it was quite gently and as though to appeal to Katie's reason and common sense, which had been somewhat clouded by her disappointment.

"Birdie," said Alice, laying down her brush, "you know perfectly well that it is impossible for

you to go back to school,—at least, for this term. You know that Papa has been unfortunate in business, and we all must make some sacrifices to help him, and the little mother. I know it's very hard for you to give up your school, but then you are only a little girl, and one year does n't make so much difference. You can work faithfully by yourself, and make up for lost time next winter. We all will help you as much as we can. I do feel sorry for you, but, since we *must* make sacrifices, why not make them cheerfully? They're so much nicer that way."

Katie, or, as her sister calls her, Birdie, has slipped down from her chair during Alice's little lecture, and she now stands beside her sister, who puts one arm around her, and, looking up from her half-finished drawing into Birdie's face, says:

"Well, little one, what do you think of it?"

And Birdie, whose tears are almost dry, and who is already ashamed of her outburst, answers:

"I think it's lovely, Alice, and I do hope they will give you a prize. They ought to, I'm sure."

A large publishing house had offered three prizes in money for the three best original designs for Christmas-cards received in answer to their announcement; and for one of these prizes Alice Browning was working. It seemed almost impossible to make any novel or appropriate design, and Alice had taken up the matter at first, simply with a view to amusing herself, and thinking that it would be good practice. She had little hope that she could produce anything sufficiently good to really enter into the prize competition. But growing interested in her work, as was her custom (for she was an earnest little maid), Alice expended all her ingenuity and much patient skill upon the elaboration of her subject. As she possessed a good degree of imagination and considerable talent for drawing figures, her efforts were really very successful. Her elder brother and sister, seeing how much taste and cleverness her drawing displayed, urged her to send it in on the day appointed for judging the cards and awarding the prizes.

As Alice worked, she could not help building many bright castles in the air, though she worried much over what she considered her faulty drawing.

Alice was right when she said that many sacrifices must be made, because of the family's heavy losses; and Katie, feeling the truth of this, made a resolute, though not invariably successful effort to show a bright and happy face to her care-worn father. She had, indeed, some shining examples before her. First, there was her Mother, who tried to make home all the brighter after her husband's misfortunes; and big brother Charlie (the clever man of the family), who gave up, in his quiet way, his most cherished plans, and set to work with a will, down-town; and sister Annie, who countermanded her orders for new dresses, and betook herself instead to making over her old ones and those of her sisters. (Annie's merry voice, her busy fingers, and her fair musical talent did much toward making the family circle jollier). Then there was sister Alice's outwardly willing giving up of her painting lessons (which was not accomplished, however, without many inward struggles); and last, but not least, the bluff light-heartedness of her younger brothers, Phil and Harry, who considered it beneath their dignity as boys and as twins to give way to useless repinings and grumbling.

Three days after Alice's conversation with her younger sister, the Christmas-card was finished, carefully sealed up by Charlie, and carried to its destination by Alice. She had worked over her drawing with such care that every little, well-known defect stood out prominently in her memory, and she parted with it with many misgivings. She must wait three weeks to hear the result, and long before the time was up, Alice had quite given up any hope that she would ever hear of her design again.

But it was otherwise decreed; and one day Alice received a letter from the publishers, notifying her that on account of the originality displayed in her work and its conscientious treatment, her design had taken the second prize in the Christmas-card competition, and inclosing a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, the amount of the prize.

If you have ever earned any money yourself, you will be able to imagine Alice's feelings when she opened that envelope and read the brief, business-like note. I am sure that no girl was ever happier than she was at that moment, and certainly no family was ever prouder than Alice's family when they heard of her success. Mr. Browning's face wore a brighter look than it had had for many weeks. Annie said! "I knew you would get it, Alice; I'm so glad!" and Katie and the twins gave boisterous expression to their satisfaction. Charlie read the letter aloud, to the delight of the whole family, and Alice was indeed the heroine of the hour, for

the Brownings were a family who took a generous and unselfish pride in one another's accomplishments, and were always ready to rejoice heartily over every small triumph won by any member of the household. Alice's achievement seemed to them so "splendid," that it was some days before the excitement subsided.

Of course, her best friend must at once be told of her good fortune; and so the following afternoon Alice, who had scarcely been able to eat or sleep for happiness, posted off to tell Helen Martin about the prize. Helen, who had taken a great interest in the whole affair, was at home, and an animated conversation, of course, ensued. Alice explained about the letter, the check, the delight of the family, and her surprise, all in a breath; and Helen, interrupting frequently to say, "How lovely!" or "I'm so glad, Alice dear!" finally exclaimed, when the account was finished, "Well, Alice, what shall you do with the money?"

"Devote it to the cause of art, and take painting lessons of Mr. Torrington," replied Alice. "He is a perfect teacher, you know, only I could n't afford the lessons, and so had to give up all idea of studying, which was very hard. Now I can have as many lessons as I like; is n't it lovely? It seems terribly selfish, I know, to devote the money to myself, but perhaps some of it will be left over for other things; and I do so long to paint! Is it *very* selfish in me?" asked Alice, wistfully.

"No, indeed, I should say," answered Helen. "You have earned the money yourself. You gave up your lessons this winter so willingly that you ought to have some reward; and I don't think you could spend the prize money more wisely. Besides, you will improve famously under Mr. Torrington, and then you can earn more money by your painting."

The two girls could have spent much more time talking about the prize and other matters of interest, but it began to grow late; and when Alice ran down the steps at the elevated station, the lamps had already begun to glimmer down the dark vista of the street. As she hurried on through the crowd, she could hardly keep from dancing, under the exhilarating effects of good spirits and frosty air.

On her way home, Alice stopped for a moment at a street corner, her attention arrested by something that she saw there. It was nothing very extraordinary, either.

A wretched-looking woman, pale and bonnetless, her shoes worn through to the sidewalk, her hair falling untidily down her back, and her gaunt form barely covered by her tattered garments, stood holding in her arms a child as pale as herself, with a deformed body and thin, pinched face.

Both the woman and child were looking with longing eyes at the fruits displayed upon the stand of a street vender, which was lighted up by a flaring lamp. A girl, almost as miserably dressed as the woman, in clothes once gaudy but now dirty and ragged, came shuffling by. She stopped at the vender's stand and bought an orange; turning, she saw the woman and the sick child with wistful eyes fixed on the bright golden fruit, and, as if from a sudden impulse, the girl thrust the orange into the woman's thin, grimy hand, and then, without waiting for any word of thanks, hurried away. Indeed, the woman was so astonished by the unexpected act of kindness, that she only stood and watched the girl's retreating figure with a look of vague surprise and wonder on her face, and then walked slowly away in the opposite direction.

When Alice saw that little act of unselfishness done by one poor person to another still poorer, her face grew suddenly grave, then a smile stole over it,—the smile that always accompanies a generous impulse; and when she reached her home she looked both thoughtful and determined.

According to her custom, Mrs. Browning was resting before dinner, on her sofa in a favorite corner of the cozy, homelike parlor. The cheerful blaze of the open fire was the only light in the dim room, and Alice was glad to find her mother alone. They often had pleasant talks together in the twilight, and it was evident that this evening Alice had something on her mind to say. She drew her chair up to the fire, and sat warming her hands before it and looking into its glowing depths.

"Well, dear," said her mother, "what have you decided to do with your money?"

"That's just what I wished to talk to you about," replied Alice. "May I do just what I please with it, Mother?"

"Why not, Alice? You have earned it and the honor, too. You gave a great deal of time and work to your drawing, and you certainly ought to spend your money just as you please. Buy whatever you wish with it, or, if you would prefer to lay aside your first earnings, do so; only, whatever you do, think carefully first, and expend your little fortune wisely. It will be a good experience for you in the future, if you ever make any more money, as I sincerely hope you will. You know you wished very much to take lessons in painting, this winter; perhaps that would be as wise a use for your money as any other. What do you think?"

"Mamma," said Alice, as though following out

some new train of thought, "what would it cost to send Birdie to school this winter?"

"About a hundred and fifty dollars, as she would be in a more advanced class this year; but Papa thinks school out of the question. Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Alice, slowly, "she seemed so disappointed at having to leave school; and she is so bright and anxious to learn, it seems a great pity that she should have to give it all up. I don't really need the money for anything. It was quite unexpected, and so I think I should like better than anything else to send Birdie back this winter to Miss Merritt's. You would n't mind, would you?"

"Mind, my dear? No, indeed!" replied the mother. "But I don't like to have you do that—it's too great a sacrifice. You need the money yourself for many things. I wish you to think over the matter, and not be too hasty in your decision."

"It's not too great a sacrifice," said Alice, firmly. "I will think it over, but I am sure I shall not change my mind."

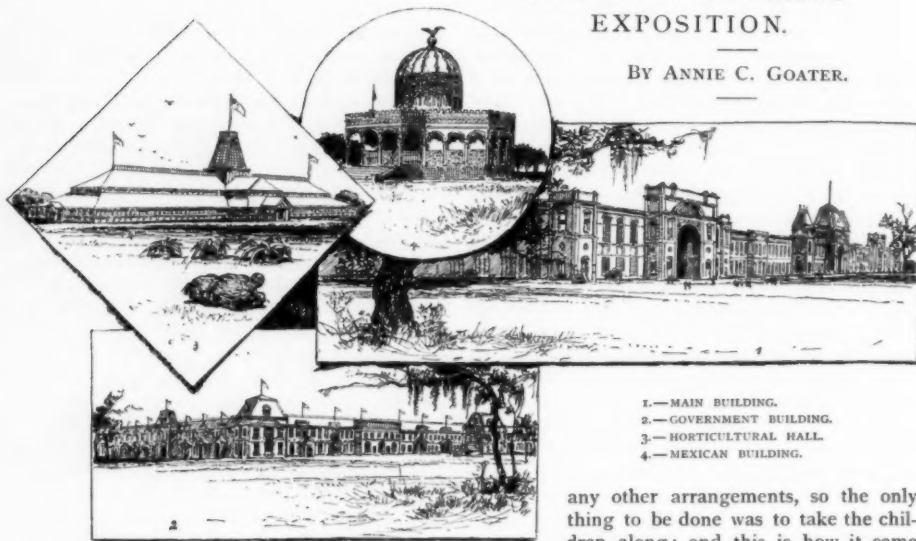
"Come here, Alice," said Mrs. Browning; and she drew her tall daughter down to her. "I am even more proud of you now than when you told me you had won the prize! I do not like to take advantage of your generous impulse, but I feel sure that you are in earnest and that you will not regret your choice."

And so it was decided; for Alice was a girl who, having once made up her mind, rarely turned aside from her purpose; and Birdie went back to school, the happiest little girl imaginable. Mr. Browning did not at once return the money to Alice—not merely because he could not, but because she had expressed herself willing to make the sacrifice and give up a cherished plan for her sister; and he wished her self-denial to work out its own results upon her character.

When at last better times came—which was not for many a long month—Alice resumed her painting, working with that patience and faithfulness which are the evidence of a real love for art. Meanwhile she had no cause to repent her self-sacrifice, and I do not think she did. Birdie's bright face and the good reports of her teachers were an ample reward, aside from the proud and loving looks of both her parents, the cordial approbation and admiration of Annie and Charlie, and the two hearty kisses from the demonstrative twins, who pronounced Alice a "trump" and a "daisy."

WHAT JOE AND JEAN SAW AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

BY ANNIE C. GOATER.



- 1.—MAIN BUILDING.
- 2.—GOVERNMENT BUILDING.
- 3.—HORTICULTURAL HALL.
- 4.—MEXICAN BUILDING.

MAMMA and Papa had decided to go to the great New Orleans Exposition, but what to do with Joe and Jean was the problem that puzzled them.

Papa, from the first, was in favor of taking them along, saying that the travel and sight-seeing would do the little folk more good than a month at school. But Mamma said no; children were such a care in traveling, and always getting into mischief of some kind; in fact, she would have no peace whatever with them; they would be much better off, she thought, with Grandma Dean and Aunt Fanny.

So it was all arranged that they should go to Grandma's, while Papa bought the tickets that were to convey himself and Mamma to the sunny South for a few weeks of sight-seeing.

But it happened that, at the very last moment, Grandma Dean was taken with one of her bad rheumatic turns, requiring all Aunt Fanny's time and attention to nurse her; so it was out of the question to think of sending a hearty boy of fourteen and a lively little girl of ten, who never could keep still for more than two minutes at a time, to a place where the least little sound would cause pain to poor Grandma's aching body.

It was now altogether too late to think of making

any other arrangements, so the only thing to be done was to take the children along; and this is how it came about that our young people went to

the Exposition without having in the least expected it.

The morning after their arrival in New Orleans, while Mamma, who was somewhat fatigued after the long journey, remained at the hotel to rest, Joe and Jean started off with Papa to make their first visit to the great Exposition.

The grounds were about four miles distant from their hotel, and as they rode slowly along in the horse-cars (which, however, were drawn by mules instead of horses), they had a good opportunity to see something of the city.

Papa pointed out to them how different the New Orleans houses were from those at home. They were low and broad, nearly all of them having either little balconies, or wide piazzas running entirely around the outside; while in almost every yard the orange-trees, with their golden fruit, glistened in the sunshine.

On entering the grounds, Jean's attention was first attracted by the magnificent live-oak trees, which, with the delicate gray moss depending from their limbs, form a grand avenue leading to Horticultural Hall.

Never in all her life had she seen anything so beautiful. "Do let us go over there and sit under those lovely trees for just a minute, Papa," she

said. So infatuated was the little girl with the big trees and pretty moss, that she could hardly be prevailed on to go to the main building until Joe said he could n't see "what fun a girl found in just sitting still under a tree. If she only knew how to climb one, there would be some sense in that."

As Jean never attempted to contradict anything Joe said, thinking him one of the wisest and best of boys, she allowed herself to be silently led away in the direction of the main building.

This large structure, Papa told them, covered thirty-three acres of ground—the largest space ever inclosed under one roof.

Entering by the main door, they found themselves in front of the Music Hall, situated in about the center of the building, and capable of seating a great many people. It was here that during the holiday season the big Christmas-tree was placed, laden with all sorts of nice presents for the children.

Papa told Joe and Jean that they must be careful not to tire themselves out by attempting too much during this first visit, as they would be able to come out to the Exposition very often before returning home. The best plan, he thought, would be to stroll leisurely through the various buildings, so as to form a general idea of what there was to be seen, while on other days they could give more time to whatever objects specially interested them.

In the main building, they found that the different foreign governments here had their exhibits; while business firms, representing various cities of this country, displayed their wares in the most tempting manner, to lure the passers-by to pause and examine their goods.

Almost one half of the vast building had been given over to machinery and mechanical inventions

of all kinds; and during the day the din and clatter made in this section were really distracting.

From here it was but a step to the Government building. This structure, though not as large as the main edifice, was fully as interesting and instructive; for the geography and resources of our country could here be studied in a very practical manner by means of the various natural and industrial products of the different States, which were arranged in their respective sections in proper order. A careful survey of the numerous government exhibits could not but improve the mind of any boy or girl fortunate enough to see them.

Next in order came the building containing the live-stock. Here Joe was greatly delighted over some magnificent Percheron horses, while Jean



THE CHINESE PAGODA. (SEE PAGE 536.)

hovered near the dear little Shetland ponies and wished she might take home just one.

As the children were now beginning to tire somewhat, Papa took them over to Horticultural Hall

for a brief rest; and there, amid the waving palms, blooming cocoanut-trees, and other tropical plants, they forgot all about the snow and ice they had so recently left at home.

Many times during their stay of a month in the city all the family visited the Exposition, and Mamma was forced to admit that Joe and Jean behaved very well, and that she should never again think of leaving them at home when planning to go away.

There were few things of interest in the different buildings that escaped the searching eyes of the little boy and girl, for what one failed to see the other would spy out; and as most of the strange sights were described in several letters, written at this time, I can hardly do better than copy Joe's epistle to his school-chum, Fred, who lives in New York, and Jean's



THE LIBERTY BIRD.

JOE'S LETTER.

HOTEL ROYAL, NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 23d, '85.

DEAR FRED: I believe I promised, when leaving school, to write you something about the Exposition. Well, I've been so busy since I came here, going out to the Exposition grounds, or roaming over the old French quarter with Papa, that when night comes I am too tired to do anything but go to bed. To-day it is raining hard, and Papa, Mamma, and Jean all are writing letters; so I think, while I feel like it, I will send one off to you.

The Exposition is the biggest thing I have ever seen (I was too little to go to the Centennial, you know), and it has lots and lots of most splendid things in it.

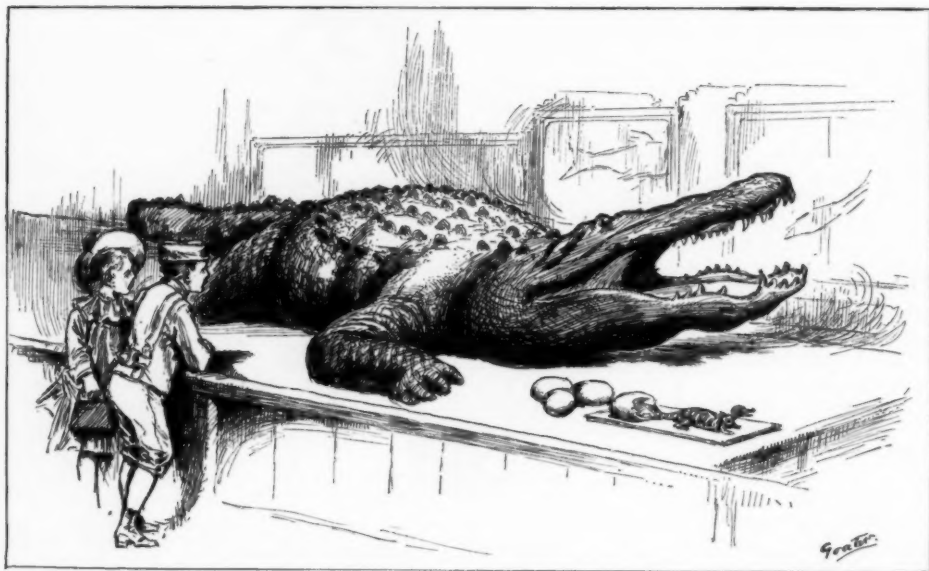
In the main building there is a stuffed bird called the Quatzel, that I think is very interesting. The boy who takes care of the stand where it is told me all about it the other day.

The bird is a native of Guatemala, and looks something like a parrot, only its tail feathers are longer. The queer thing about it is, that if you only pull out one of its feathers the bird dies right away, and if a person succeeds in catching one, and puts it in a cage, it goes to work and pulls out its own feathers,—commits suicide, as it were,—as it will not live if deprived of its liberty. I asked the boy if it knew how to sing, and he went to work and made just the funniest noise with his lips all puckered up, and said that was something like the cry it uttered. Have you ever heard of this bird before?

Another thing I like in this same building is a little house that was built in China. It is made of bamboo. There is a great big red dragon on top that's tremendous; he keeps snorting out steam all the time. I wish we could have a dragon like that for our circus. When you go inside the little house they give you a cup of tea to drink.

There is any quantity of machinery here for doing all sorts of work. This, I suppose, you would like best of all, as you are fond of such things; but ever since I almost took the top of my thumb off with Uncle Will's patent lawn-mower, I don't care so much for machines; they make too much noise for me.

In the Government building there are so many interesting things



LOUISIANA'S LITTLE AND BIG ALLIGATORS.

letter to her cousin Daisy, whose papa is an army-officer and lives with his family in a fort away off somewhere in Dakota.

that I hardly know which to tell you about. Each of the States has been given a certain amount of space, which it has filled with all sorts of things that belong particularly to that State.

Louisiana has a big alligator almost twenty feet long, while right

beside it is the cutest little baby alligator you ever saw, just coming out of the egg. The big alligator has its mouth wide open, and I know I should n't care to have been around when it was alive in the water and opened that mouth.

Not far from the alligators are some of the relics of the Greely relief expedition. Life-sized figures, dressed up in furs, show exactly what they wear in the Arctic regions; there are also sleeping bags

try. Papa made me look at them very carefully, because he said they would do me good.

How is the skating and sleighing at home, now? It is nice and warm down here; still, I should feel very bad if I thought I should never see any more snow again. I wish, when you have a chance, you would go round to Mr. Graham's and see how my dog Chips is getting along; hope the old fellow is n't fretting after me. I am



made of reindeer's skin, hospital tents, sleds laden with provisions, different kinds of clothing, and a number of other interesting articles. Besides these, there are some photographs that show you, as plain as can be, just what it looks like up there.

Fred, I wish you could see the statues, houses, and different things they have made out of grain sent on from the West. One of the States has a copy of the Statue of Liberty that we are going to have down in New York harbor, made out of wheat, while another has a large figure meant to represent the goddess Ceres, that is very beautiful. Dakota has an obelisk composed of different colored ears of corn, some of them so red that you would surely think they had been painted; perched on top, on a sheaf of wheat, is a big American Eagle.

Besides the things I have told you about, there are samples of work done by boys and girls in different schools all over the coun-

going to bring him home a new collar from the Exposition. I must close now, as I have written a very long letter.

Your school-mate, JOE.

Jean's letter ran thus:

HOTEL ROYAL, NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 23d, '85.

DEAR DAISY: I do so wish you were down here with us! We are having splendid times, going somewhere almost every day. I have been out to the Exposition a number of times, and think I have seen very nearly everything there. In the main building at one of the stands they have two of the funniest pigs you ever saw. In the middle of the floor there is a table set all ready for dinner, with a big ham in the center, while on each side stand Mr. and Mrs. Pig.



THE CHINESE BABY-CHAIR.

Mrs. Pig has on a lovely yellow satin Mother Hubbard, trimmed with red satin around the bottom and lace around the neck; while in her hand, which is one of her front feet, you know, she has a big

seem possible that some day they will only be ham like that on the table and that somebody will eat them up.

Poor things! I should think it would worry them to think about it. But of course a stuffed pig can't think; so it is all right anyhow.

In the same building the Chinese Government have built a pagoda and filled it with a great many interesting things. Papa and Mamma have spent hours there, looking at the curiosities, but I could n't get interested in them, because I did n't know what they were for, until Papa explained them to me.

One thing I knew, though—a baby's chair; for it has a figure of a baby sitting in it, with a queer-looking nurse standing alongside.

The baby's chair is made of bamboo; and when baby is put in it there is a piece that presses up close against its waist and holds the poor little thing a tight prisoner. In front, on rods, are a few little rings for baby to play with; to run these up and down is all the amusement the little one can have.

I should think all the babies who see this chair and think of their own little willow chairs with pretty ribbons on at home would be glad that they do not live in China. The baby represented in this chair has just a little bit of hair in front; all the rest of its head is bald. I guess that little bit is the beginning of what will be its cue some day.

One of the sights I like best of all is old John Anderson and his wife, with their dog and cat, all made out of the purest and whitest cotton; this belongs to the State of Louisiana. The old lady is knitting a stocking, and the ball of yarn has dropped from her lap; pussy is doing her best to tangle it all up. Mr. Anderson, who seems like a real kind old man, leans heavily on his cane, while the dog sits at his feet and looks as if he never in his life would worry pussy, or anybody else. Behind the old people is a bird, also made of cotton, meant to represent the American Eagle. Everybody who looks at this group thinks it just splendid. I am sure I do.

Daisy, do you like to write compositions? I hate them! for I never can write anything that sounds well. Mamma made me go



MR. AND MRS. PIG AT HOME.

sunflower. The buttons down the front of her dress represent little hams, and are too cute for anything.

Mr. Pig, on the other side of the table, has on a black swallow-tail coat, light vest, and yellow trousers, with a high standing collar and red necktie, and looks just as lovely as Mrs. Pig. They both appear so pleased and innocent in their fine clothes that it does n't

over with her and read some compositions that were written by little Indian girls who go to school in Colorado. I felt ashamed; some of them were so good, and nicely written, with no blots either.

The pictures they made were real funny, though. Mamma said it was their being "out of perspective" that made them look so queer. Under every one of them they would write, "This is a Dog;"

"This is a Chicken"; just as if you could not tell what they were meant for.

How many dolls have you now, and what are their names? Are there many little girls at the new fort where you are living? And is it very cold up there? I like it here because it is so warm, and you can have roses in the garden all winter, besides picking oranges

right off the trees. Joe, now that he has seen the Exposition, is in a hurry to get back home, as he wants to try the new skates Uncle Will gave him last Christmas; but I prefer summer to winter. Give my love to Uncle Rob and Aunt Carrie, and a kiss to baby Sue. Write to me soon. Your loving cousin,

JEAN.



"JOHN ANDERSON AND WIFE."

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(*Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.*)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRANSIT OF A YEAR.

LET us now revert to the events following the inauguration of 1873, to which I have referred in an earlier chapter. Returning to our Chamber, the Vice-President resumed the chair at 12:47 o'clock, the ceremonies on the portico having occupied not half an hour. After the passage of the usual resolutions, fixing the hour of daily meeting and providing for the notification of the President that the Senate had convened in obedience to his

proclamation, the Senate adjourned to the following Thursday.

This special session of the Senate was called by the President, principally, if not wholly, to have that body act upon his nominations of men to office. The session being purely for the transaction of executive business, no legislation was permissible. There was no House of Representatives, and would be none until the following December, unless an extraordinary occasion should in the meantime arise requiring the exercise of its power.

After appointing its committees for the session, and attending to the business submitted by the

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President, on the twenty-sixth day of March, with the usual formalities, the Senate adjourned, to meet again, however, on the first Monday in December, unless called together again by the President before that time.

During the course of its proceedings, it appointed Senator Carpenter to be President of the Senate *pro tempore*,* to act as presiding officer during the absence of the Vice-President, who was not able to attend every day. This position of President *pro tempore* is a very important one. If the President of the United States die or otherwise become incapable of performing the duties of that office, they devolve upon the Vice-President, and the President of the Senate *pro tempore* becomes the acting Vice-President of the United States; and, in the event of the death of both the President and Vice-President, the President of the Senate *pro tempore* acts as President of the United States until the election of another President as provided by law. In Great Britain and many other nations of the world the succession to the throne depends upon blood relationship. Those nations are therefore not likely ever to be without persons to act as rulers. Our line of succession, however, is very short—after the President of the Senate *pro tempore* comes the Speaker of the House, and beyond that no provision has been made by Congress under the authority conferred upon it by the Constitution. But at the time of which I write, there was no House, and consequently no Speaker; so if the President and Vice-President as well as the President of the Senate *pro tempore* had died, after the adjournment of that special session, the Government would have had no head.

Such a state of affairs would have been, to say the least, very inconvenient. And we were not long ago on the brink of just such a condition of things. When President Garfield died there was no Speaker of the House, and the Senate had carelessly adjourned without choosing a President *pro tempore*. Providentially, Vice-President Arthur was alive, and he assumed the office of President. Had anything happened to him, there might have been confusion. So alarmed were many people about it that, when Congress met, it was asked to pass a law creating a longer line of succession, in order to guard against such an emergency again occurring. You would naturally suppose, from the anxiety that prevailed, that Congress made such a law at once. But it did not; and, although several years have elapsed, no such law has yet been enacted. If you have influence with any members of Congress, it might be well to call their attention to this subject, and urge upon them the importance of taking action in the matter.

The Senate remained in session long enough for

us to become acquainted with the new senators, and then we separated. During that long vacation of eight months, we pages, like the senators, scattered ourselves over the entire country, one going to California and another to Maine. We indulged in the ordinary juvenile delights; but, although we had a grand time, we were only too happy when the first of December came around and both Houses again convened.

There was nothing unusual about the proceedings of the Senate on the opening day. So I went over to the House of Representatives. This was the beginning of the first regular session of the Forty-third Congress, and at twelve o'clock the clerk of the last House (there being no Speaker) called the members to order. After a call of the roll, the clerk said:

"Two hundred and eighty-one members having answered to their names, being more than a quorum, the clerk is now ready to receive a motion to proceed to the election of Speaker."

Several members arose and suggested the names of various persons; but every one knew beforehand who would be elected. The Republicans were in the majority, and prior to the meeting of the House, they had come together and held a caucus. A caucus is a secret session of Congressmen all of the same party, in which they talk over the policy of legislation and other matters, and agree to act together. The Republicans of the House, as well as those of the Senate, have frequent caucuses; so also do the Democrats. In this particular caucus, the Republican members of the House had agreed to nominate and vote for James G. Blaine as Speaker. He had been the Speaker of the preceding House. Tellers were appointed, and, as the majority of the House voted for Mr. Blaine, he was declared by the clerk duly elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Forty-third Congress. He was conducted to the chair by two of the members, and made a brief address; whereupon, Mr. Dawes, at the request of the Clerk, administered the oath to the Speaker. Then the Speaker swore in the members in attendance, and after the election of a clerk, sergeant-at-arms, door-keeper, postmaster, and chaplain, the organization of the House was complete. The appointment of committees being the privilege of the Speaker, it required several days for him to make up the list; but, with this exception, the House was ready to begin making laws.

The House having notified the Senate of its organization, there remained but one other interesting feature of the proceedings. Every member naturally wished the best seat in the hall that he could obtain; and as all of them could not be

* "For the time being."

satisfied, the question was determined by a game of chance. The clerk placed in a box as many slips of paper as there were representatives, each bearing the name of a representative, and he then drew these slips from the box one at a time. (The member oldest in continuous service, and also Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, who, on account of his age and infirmity, was "entitled to consideration on the part of the House," were permitted to choose seats before the drawing commenced.) Then all the other members retired beyond the outer row, and each representative, as the slip bearing his name was drawn and called, came forward and selected a seat. It was quite an amusing performance; the law-makers enjoyed the fun fully as much as did the spectators in the gallery; and the countenances of the fortunate members beamed with the smiles of childish joy.

In the Senate, this matter of seats is settled in a different way. At the beginning of every Congress, the newly elected senators choose from among the vacant seats in the order in which each senator notifies Captain Bassett, on the principle of "first come, first served;" and if they do not get satisfactory seats, they "speak" for other seats, in the event of such seats becoming vacant during their term of office. Captain Bassett keeps a record of all these requests in a book, and often the same seat will be spoken for by three or four senators. I remember one senator, who had a seat very desirable on account of its location, who became suddenly ill—so ill that he was not expected to live. Several of the other senators applied for his seat; and, when the senator heard of it, he declared he would not die. And he did not; he even lived to see the seats of these senators who had spoken for his become vacant.

Within a few days both Houses were in running order, and things went on quietly for several months. But on the eleventh of March, 1874, the monotony was broken. My attention on that day was attracted to this unusual language used by the Chaplain of the Senate in his opening prayer:

"We miss some of our number, who are withdrawn from these seats and are lying prostrate with sickness and disease; and especially one who but yesterday came into this Chamber with all the presence of his manly form, but now, when we meet again this morning, lies close to the edge of the dark river."

When the Journal had been read, Senator Sherman moved to adjourn, and the motion was agreed to without a voice being heard, after a session of only nine minutes. Every one whom I met in the Senate, and throughout the building, was silent and sad. I soon ascertained the cause. Senator Sumner was dying! It was hard to realize the sad fact. Only the preceding day he had been in the Senate, apparently in the best of spirits; and I

remember his calling me to him and making some pleasant remarks as he whittled the end of his pen-holder. That pen I have to-day, the last he ever used in the Senate, and probably in the world.

I went to the House of Representatives to get away from the gloom, but found the shadow wherever I went. I remained in the Hall of Representatives until three o'clock, and was just on the point of leaving, when the Speaker arose and in a trembling voice remarked:

"The Chair lays before the House the following telegram this moment received." And then, amid painful silence and suspense, the Clerk read:

"Senator Sumner died at ten minutes before three o'clock."

The effect of the announcement was startling. The vast audience seemed dazed and actually at a loss for breath, and the House at once adjourned. It is needless to describe the sensation produced throughout the city. The news of that death instantly spread like a pall over the country, and caused profound national grief.

The next day the Senate adjourned after passing resolutions in regard to the funeral arrangements, and the House did likewise. On Friday, the thirteenth, the Senate assembled at the usual hour. The desk and chair of the deceased senator were covered with crape, and the walls of the room were heavily draped in mourning. The senators came in noiselessly. The air was oppressive, and the Senate floor and galleries were strangely silent when the Diplomatic Corps arrived, dressed in black, and took the seats prepared for them. Then entered the House of Representatives in a body, the senators standing as the members were being seated; following the representatives came the Supreme Court of the United States, and the President and his Cabinet.

Immediately afterward the Committee of Arrangements was announced. Then came a solemn procession: the casket containing the remains of the dead statesman borne by six officers, and escorted by the Committee of Arrangements of the House and Senate, the pall-bearers and mourners. As the cortege entered, the Chaplain of the Senate, who preceded it, slowly repeated the words:

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,—"

All the people rose reverently to their feet and stood, with bowed heads, while the procession moved slowly to the catafalque in front of the Secretary's desk.

After an impressive pause, the religious services were begun by the Chaplain of the House and the Chaplain of the Senate. After they were con-

cluded, the Vice-President *pro tempore* (Senator Carpenter) said:

"The services appointed to be performed by the Committee of Arrangements having terminated, the Senate of the United States intrusts the mortal remains of Charles Sumner to its Sergeant-at-Arms and a Committee appointed by it, charged with the melancholy duty of conveying them to his home, there to be committed earth to earth, in the soil of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Peace to his ashes!"

The procession again formed, and as it left the Chamber the spectators rose, glancing after it with eyes almost obscured by tears. At three o'clock the funeral train, all draped in black, left the railroad station, while the church-bells of the city tolled mournfully.

The ceremonies reminded me of those I had witnessed at the Capitol just a year before. Yet what a contrast! Then the city was in holiday attire, and the nation rejoiced at the beginning of a new Administration. On this occasion the city was shrouded in the emblems of grief. And, as Senator Anthony feelingly said, "the sad intelligence of the death of this great senator had extended beyond the shores of our own country, arousing profound regret and sympathy wherever humanity weeps for a friend, 'wherever liberty deplores an advocate.'"

Upon the death of a senator or representative, it is customary for both Houses to set aside a day for memorial services.* In accordance with this usage, the Senate, on the 27th of April, resolved, "That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of Charles Sumner, long a senator from Massachusetts, business be now suspended, that the friends and associates of the deceased may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues." The House, on the same day, "in sympathy with the action of the Senate," adopted a similar resolution.

I need not dwell upon what was said. Partisan animosities were forgotten, and men of opposite political faiths vied with one another in eulogizing the life and character of the dead senator. The demonstration in Congress was but one of many held throughout the country. At last, every one was able to look calmly and dispassionately upon the deeds of the great senator, and estimate them at their worth. But it had not been so during his career. His independence and fearlessness of thought and action had aroused the fury of all parties; and partisan hate is almost implacable. When Charles Sumner entered upon his duties as a senator, he was treated by his adversaries in the Senate in a manner which violated all the courtesies of that body. He died — respected by all, one of the foremost statesmen of the age.

It is not the design nor province of these papers

to criticise political factions or their principles. Parties, like the men composing them, are necessarily fallible; they have their virtues—they have also imperfections. Good, upright citizens entertain opposite political views; and the man of honest convictions, with the courage to express them, — although *we* may think them erroneous, — is always entitled to our respect.

But a politician is one thing — a statesman is another. The former will *favor any party* in order to gain personal advantage; the latter will *oppose all parties* in the maintenance of what he conceives to be right. And it was because Charles Sumner was a statesman, that honorable men of all shades of opinion joined in honoring his memory by testifying to the purity of his motives and the exalted dignity of his life. The sincerity of his convictions none could question; and those familiar with the perils and the opposition he had encountered in their utterance best understood the moral grandeur of his character.

I can not enter into a detailed account of his senatorial life. It is sure to be found in any complete history of his country. I will only say that his first great speech in the Senate, delivered in August, 1852, contained this noble declaration, which was true of his entire public life:

"I HAVE NEVER BEEN A POLITICIAN. THE SLAVE OF PRINCIPLES, I CALL NO PARTY MASTER."

He lived to see the triumph of the principles which he was then advocating in the face of most bitter opposition; and the tribute paid to his memory by his friend and associate, Senator Anthony, was as just as it was eloquent. "His eulogy is his life; his epitaph is the general grief; his monument, builded by his own hands, is the eternal statutes of freedom."

A friend of humanity, his policy was peace, and the settlement of disputes between nations by arbitration instead of by war was one of his fondest dreams. Possessed of such benignant sentiments, on December 2, 1872, he introduced a bill which he requested to have "read in full for information." I shall give it here; for to carry it to the desk was one of my first acts as a page. It was as follows:

"A Bill to regulate the *Army Register* and the Regimental Colors of the United States.

"WHEREAS, the national amity and good-will among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war: THEREFORE,

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the *Army Register* or placed on the regimental colors of the United States."

The bill was ordered to be printed, and that was the end of its pilgrimage in Congress. It

* Upon the termination of the exercises, it is also usual, as a further mark of respect, to adjourn for the day.

never became a law. But it was discussed elsewhere! The Legislature of Massachusetts heard of it with deepest indignation. The act of Senator Sumner was stigmatized as "an attempt to degrade the loyal soldiery of the Union and their grand achievements"; and a resolution of censure was introduced and passed by the legislature of the State which had made him its senator. The men who voted for it could not have known their senator well. His whole life was a contradiction of the charge.

The resolution of censure was an injustice, which would have provoked some men to wrath. But with Mr. Sumner it occasioned not anger but grief. He had served his State for more than twenty years; and it had stood proudly by him in all his efforts. That it should now, after his long and faithful career, misinterpret his motives, and seem to brand him with reproach, was perhaps the saddest blow he had ever sustained. The effect upon him was visible not only to friends but to strangers. His manner betrayed how it bore upon his mind. Yet that session wore away and December appeared, and the senator was again found at

his seat on the opening day, this time to introduce his famous Civil Rights Bill—the first bill of the session. But, as the days slipped by, his face was less frequently seen in the Senate. December, January, February passed—his visits were few and brief.

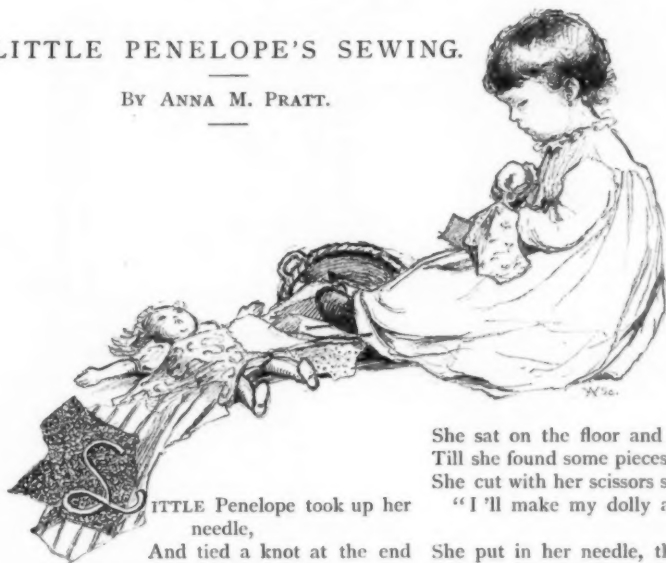
On the 10th of March, however, he was in attendance. I remember it well. I had not seen him for quite a while, and he called me to his desk. I thought he looked more cheerful than usual, and I asked after his health. As he whittled a pen, he smilingly chatted with me, and stated that he had come to the Senate to hear pleasant news. He had scarcely made the remark, when Senator Boutwell, his colleague, arose and sent up to the clerk's desk to be read a resolution of the Massachusetts Legislature. As the clerk proceeded, all eyes turned upon Senator Sumner who was eagerly listening. It was a resolution rescinding the vote of censure! Within a few moments after the reading, the senator left the Chamber, and, as I parted from him at the door, he shook hands kindly, and said: "Good-bye!"

Those were his last words to me. The next day he was dead!

(To be continued.)

LITTLE PENELOPE'S SEWING.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.



LITTLE Penelope took up her
needle,
And tied a knot at the end
of her thread;
And when she had found her thimble
finger,
"Now I must learn to sew," she said.

She sat on the floor and tipped over the basket
Till she found some pieces, blue, yellow, and red;
She cut with her scissors some criss-cross patches.

"I'll make my dolly a quilt," she said.

She put in her needle, this way and that way:
She pushed and she pulled till her fingers bled;
And when she had twisted, and puckered and
knotted,—

"My doll has a crazy quilt!" she said.

A SYMPATHETIC TIME-PIECE.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

I.

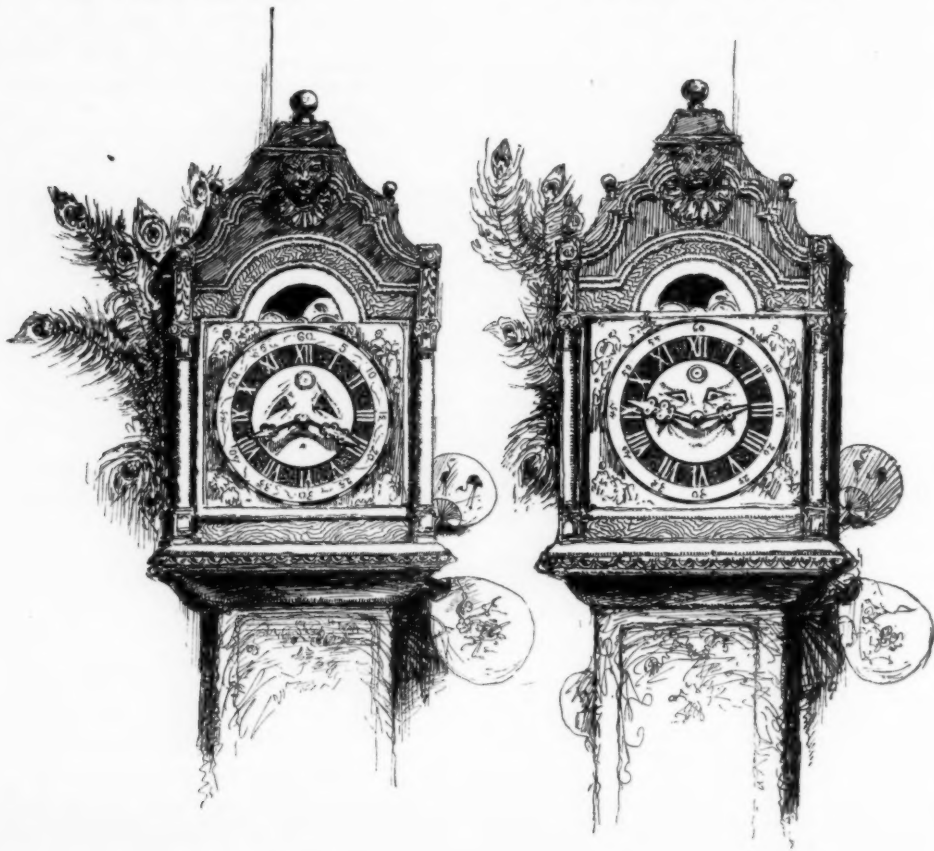
BREAKFAST was over; little Nan,
Home-loving and sweet-hearted,
With school-books, bag, and slate in hand,
Glanced clockward ere she started.

"Oh, see!" she said. "The poor old clock
Is sorry time is flying,
The corners of his mouth turn down,
As if he felt like crying!"

II.

Perhaps he missed the little girl,
Her ringing song and laughter,—
For certainly his face was changed
To greet her, hours after.

Just as she entered, fresh from school,
Her voice all care beguiling,
The corners of his mouth turned up,—
The dear old clock was smiling!



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. No. XIV.

A HOUSE OF STRING.

BY MARGARET MEREDITH.



I AM going to tell you about one of the prettiest little houses that children ever had.

My brother and I wanted a house. We had once had a wigwam of cut boughs, where we could live all day and give parties; but nobody volunteered to make us another, so we planned a house that we could make for ourselves, and that you can make for yourselves. He was eleven and I was thirteen.

The only indispensable requisites are two or three large balls of strong string (strong cotton string will do), a quantity of morning-glory seed, a few tacks and small nails, some hempen cord or rope, and the use of spade, garden-fork, trowel, scissors, a penknife, an old table-knife, a tape-line, and perhaps a yard-stick, wheelbarrow, watering-pot, and

a little step-ladder. But it is all important for the existence of this house that at no time in the summer are cows or horses to be let in upon it.

The plan grew as we worked, but I will give it to you complete.

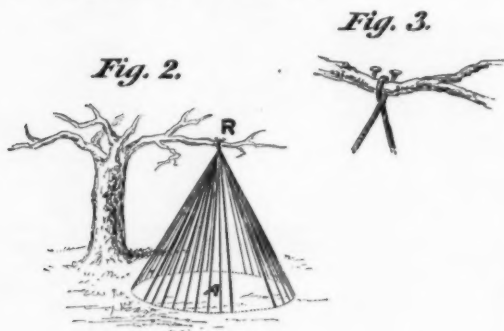
The first thing to do, after getting the morning-glory seeds, is to plant some in a box in the house, early in April or as soon after that as possible — unless it is already warm weather in May, and time to plant corn; if so, plant them out-of-doors, according to directions, which will be given further on.

We found in a far-off corner of the yard, a tree, the lower boughs of which spread out horizontally eight or ten feet from the ground. The central peak of our main building was to be fastened on a firm part

of a bough, immovable even in wind-storms, and at least six feet from the trunk (see R, Fig. 2). We found such a point, where also a lesser, but stout, long bough, branched out sideways (b a G, Fig. 16), because we wanted it for the ridge-pole of a square wing-room; but that is not positively necessary. Lest there might be difficulty in remember-

making a door-space thirty inches wide. By measuring from B to one side of this door, we got our radius, and laid out this second circle, marking it out with sticks as before, except across the door-space (see Fig. 5).

To mark out the square room ground-plan, we chose point G, Fig. 16, drove in two tacks, and



ing this point, or in keeping the strings from slipping when they were put over it, we drove in there two big tacks, about an inch apart, to make all safe (see Fig. 3).

The next thing was to lay out the ground-plan. From R (Fig. 2), the chosen point of the bough, a

plummet (a stone tied to a string) was dropped, to find our floor-center,

A; from which, with a string five feet long, we laid out a circle, marking it closely with sticks stuck in the ground (see Fig. 4).

We found another good point, on a bough (T, Fig. 13, 14, or 15), at which to fasten the peak of our second, smaller, circular room, and drove in there a second pair of tacks. Between these two tack-marked points on the boughs (see R and T, Fig. 13), we stretched a large hempen cord very tight and fastened it, nailing it firm when tying proved not sufficient. Dropping the plummet from T, we found our second center, B (Fig. 5). Drawing a straight line between A and B, we marked *e* on the big circle, and pulled up the row of sticks for fifteen inches on each side of *e*,

Fig. 3.



Fig. 5.

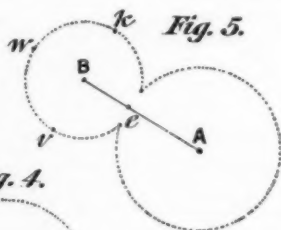


Fig. 4.



dropped a plummet to find C, the middle point of its back-wall ground-line. From C to A, the floor-center of the main building, we stretched a string along the ground (A C, Fig. 6), fastening it at the ends, for the moment, with sticks. About two and one-half feet from this string, and parallel to it on the ground, we stretched and fastened two other strings, *kx* and *dz*, and another, *xz*, through C at right angles with them. Taking away string A C, we now had the three sides, *kx*, *xz*, and *zd*. We marked them out with sticks, and then took away the strings. We made another thirty-inch door-space at *i* (Fig. 7).

Also at *o*, about opposite the tree trunk, we made a door-space

Fig. 7.

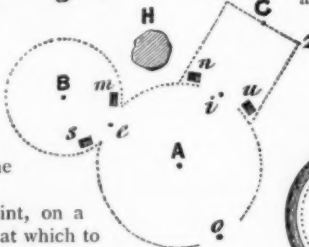
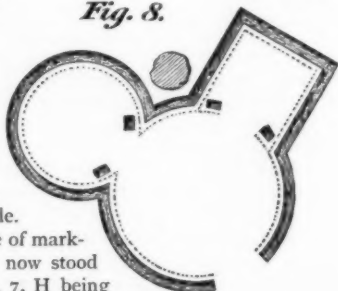


Fig. 8.



thirty-six inches wide.

Our line of marking sticks now stood as in Fig. 7, H being the tree trunk.

The shape of our tree decided somewhat the plan of our house, and the plan of yours may be settled likewise; but the remaining directions can prob-

ably be followed very closely. Two inches outside of the row of sticks, mark another line all around by cutting through the sod, and eight inches beyond that still another. (Sharpen your knife on any stone if it does not cut the sod easily.) Then take spade and trowel and remove the sod entirely from between these two outer lines, carefully squaring at each side of the front door space the ends of this long winding flower-bed,—or vine-bed, as we now may call it (see Fig. 8); also, at each of the four square dots, *s*, *m*, *n*, *u*, Fig. 7, inside the doors of the lesser rooms, cut out a patch of sod about eight inches long and six inches wide; the shape of the walls making these little beds necessary, as you will find out when the vines grow up.

Now spade up your beds, and fill them with some rich earth and whatever fertilizer the gardener advises, used in just the quantity and way that he advises. This is the stage at which seeds should be planted. (See directions, page 547.)

Next get about one hundred small, strong, forked sticks, one end of the fork being perhaps six inches long, and the other only one or two. The

bough between the tacks at R, letting the knot come underneath. Then extend the string to the first pebble, *c*, on the side of door-space *c*, wind it securely around the fork placed at that point, but without cutting it, and then let it be put first under the bough and then over (see Fig. 3) at R, between the tacks again; then extend it to the first pebble, *s* (of Fig. 9), on the side of door-space *i*, fork it in, hand it up again, let it be put over the bough in the same place, always crossing underneath in the same way; fork it in at pebble *v*, put it over the bough again; then to pebble *w*, and so on till you complete this small section of wall between the two doors. Now, with a pin, fasten your string to the mass of strings on the bough; you would better not cut it, especially as you must find out, by experimenting on this small section of wall, how tightly to pull the upright strings. They will answer for a wall if left straight as they are, and, being double, will be quite strong (see Fig. 10). Fig. 10 and Fig. 11 have only one door each, that you may better see the styles of wall; but, tied together, two and two alternately, into diamonds, as shown in Fig.

Fig. 8½



longer end may need to be sharpened a little. These sticks when driven into the ground are for fastening the strings of the walls to, as explained later. Study out what sort will best answer,

and be patient in selecting the best. Long hair-pins might be made to answer. Make the main building first. Lay pebbles or some such easy markers, six inches apart, around the big circle, except in the door-spaces. A trifling increasing or lessening of the door-spaces will make the pebbles come evenly. (See Fig. 9.) (You need not regard the number of dots or strings in any of these diagrams. They vary, and are necessarily less than they need be in the house. But pay attention to the measurements here given.)

Now stand upon a step-ladder or chair, or, if there are two of you, one may be able to sit upon the bough itself and tie the end of the string over the

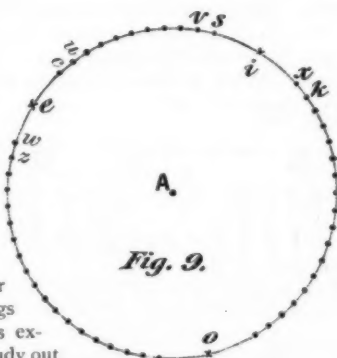
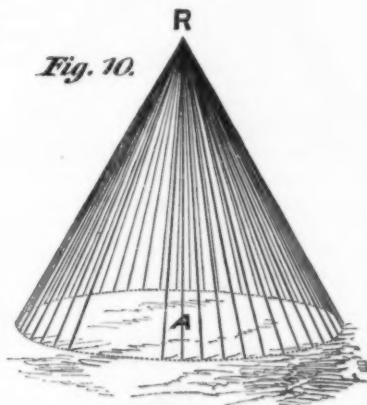


Fig. 10.



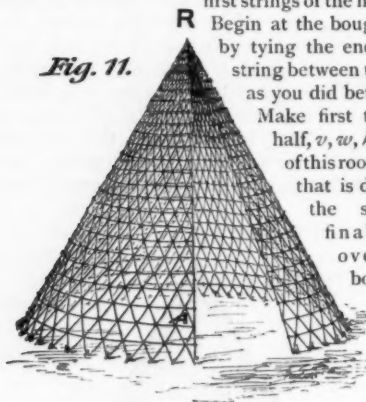
11, the strings make a much firmer and much prettier house. If you mean to tie yours so, the upright strings will need to be pulled less tightly than if they were to be left straight. Try the tying upon this section (using one of the other balls of cord) till you learn how to do it and just how tight to make the upright strings. Don't begrudge altering this little piece of wall till you get it right. If you can not understand by Fig. 12 how to do the tying, your mother can explain it to you. Make the first tying seven inches above the ground, the next one seven inches above that, and so up, as near to the peak as is possible. Do not by any means draw your tying-string too tightly between

the tyings, or the sides of the doors will sag out and the wall itself will sag in.

When the small section is finished, extend your string, which was left pinned, down to pebble *w* (Fig. 9), up again to *R*, then down to pebble *x*, up again, then down to pebble *z*, then up, then to pebble *k*, and so on till you have made the last upright, tied the string, and cut it off; having been very careful all the time to pull it only as tightly as you found by your experimenting would be right.

When the main building is finished, lay your pebble markers around the small circle, letting the side strings of the door *e*, now in place, be the first strings of the new room.

Fig. 11. **R** Begin at the bough, at *T*, by tying the end of your string between the tacks, as you did before at *R*. Make first the outer half, *v, w, k* (Fig. 5), of this room. When that is done, and the string is finally put over the bough at *T*, carry it out along



time, and extending strings to the ground; forking all these strings into the two last intervals, at each side of the door (see dotted lines, Fig. 15).

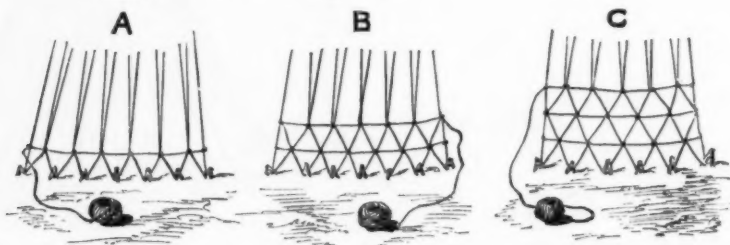
For the square room (Fig. 16), in placing the pebble markers, begin at the two back corners, *x* and *z*, Fig. 7, and arrange the pebbles proportionately in *x, C, z*, by altering their distances apart, if necessary, but not by altering the corners; then place them from *x* and *z*, along the two sides, 6 inches apart, not caring as to the distance of the last ones from the main building walls.

The strings of the back wall of the square room, Fig. 17, all pass over the bough above at *G* (Fig. 16 or 18), between the tacks. Tie your string there, extend it down to *u*, Fig. 17, then up, then to *v*, then up, then to *x*, and so on. When the back wall is done and the string has been finally put over the bough, carry it along the bough 6 inches and tie, then down to the first pebble of one side, then up, then down on the other side, and so proceed (Fig. 18 or 16), as was done in the part last made of the small circular room, until this square room is finished.

If you wish a square room, and have no bough suitable for a ridge-pole, you can doubtless stretch a hempen cord or rope from *R* to some bough, or wall, or post, so as to answer for one. It improves the house greatly to break, in some such way, the sameness of its architecture.

When the whole house is made, and the dia-

Fig. 12.



the hempen cord and tie it to the cord at a point *n*, six inches from *T* (see Fig. 13). Then extend it down to the next pebble on one side, *g* (Fig. 14), fork it in, and carry it back over the hempen cord at the same point, *n*, to the corresponding pebble, *n*, on the other side; then carry it up and tie it at the same point, *n*. If this puzzles you, have some one show you how to tie it so as to hold in place the two double strings which meet here. Then go six inches further out along the hempen cord to *m*, and tie; and then down—and so on till all the pebble places are used up. Continue going out along the hempen cord six inches at a

monds tied, one stout string very tightly drawn should be put at the sides of each door, passing, crossed like the others, over the bough above, between the tacks, and fastened very firmly in the ground, as close to the original side strings as possible. Rope would be even better than string, especially for the front door; or perhaps two fishing rods, if you do not mind the expense. To these new lintels tie or secure the original sides of the doors, in some neat way, (*e. g.* Fig. 19.) Finally, lace a string across the top of each door (as a shoe is laced) for a short distance (see Fig. 19), making the door six and a half feet high.

Fig. 13.

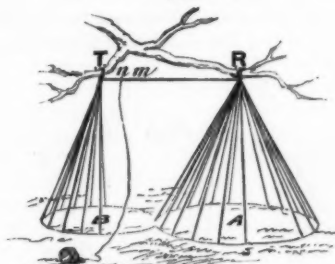


Fig. 14.

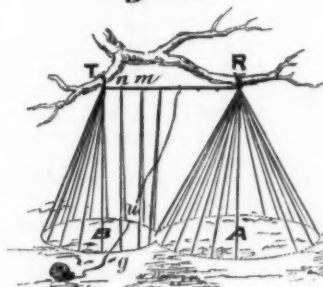


Fig. 15.

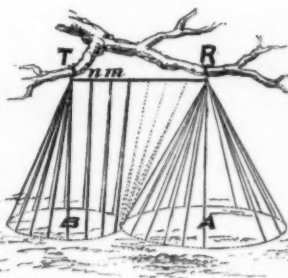
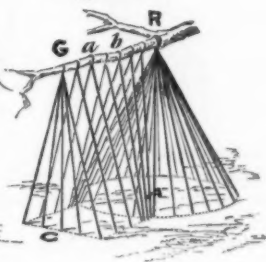


Fig. 16.



Now, if you have some morning-glory vines ready, transplant them into the vine-beds.

There are three ways in which you can raise your vines:

1st—To plant them some time beforehand in a box in the house, for transplanting.

2d—To plant them as early as possible out-of-doors for transplanting.

3d—To plant them in their permanent places in the vine-beds.

The first would be the best way for all the vines, if you could raise so many in the house, but you will need about three hundred and sixty. Raise as many as you can in this way. The third way would be next best, if your vine-beds are ready at early corn-planting time. The second will probably be your main dependence. Proceed as follows:

Dig up a soft, rich patch of ground, and plant your seeds in rows (for ease in transplanting) three or four inches apart, the seeds being about an inch apart in the rows, and an inch deep in the ground. (You can put them closer if your patch is small, but do not if you can help it.) You may find it best to use all three methods; but whatever you do, raise a good many by the second, to supply deficiencies and accidents as the season goes on.

Do not transplant vines into the vine-beds till the string-work is entirely done. They are much better off where they are, and would be dreadfully in your

way while you are at work on the walls; but seeds, if any are to be planted in the vine-beds, should, as I said, be planted as soon as the beds are ready, if it is not too early in the season.

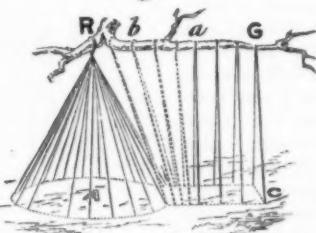
Plant either seeds or plants two inches apart, along all the long bed, near the inner edge, and lengthwise of each of the four small beds near the edges toward the main building. Or it may be better to plant them in two rows, four inches apart (see Fig. 20), so as to give more room to each one. In transplanting, do not expect absolute accuracy in the positions of the plants; the main thing is

to put in the delicate plants safely. If one turns out to be five inches from the last, try to put the next one 3 inches from it, so as to make the right number of vines for the wall. A crookedness of line in the outer row of plants will show more than any other unevenness, but nothing of this sort matters much compared with setting them out safely.

Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



If your plants for transplanting vary in size and promise, put the best ones at somewhat regular intervals. If you plant some seeds and some plants in the vine-bed, plant the inner row (Fig. 20) in seeds and the outer row in plants, each at its proper season. Use your judgment, however, and try to make the vines equally thick and good around all parts of the walls. If you have a good plant, and no empty place for it, pull up a puny

one and substitute the strong one for it. If any plants die, try to replace them. Slips of honeysuckle may also be planted if you hope to make in time a permanent house.

diamond of the string-work of the wall kept uncovered in training the vines would be better (see page 543). You can mark it off at first by a red thread wrapped around the outer string (see Fig. 21).

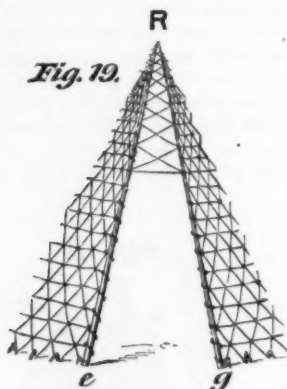


Fig. 19.

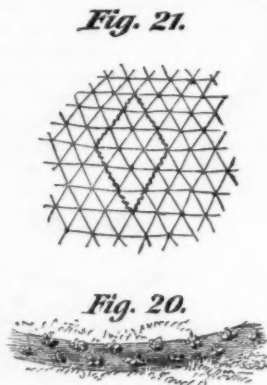


Fig. 20.



Fig. 22.

In transplanting, take up the plants with as much earth as you can around the roots, and press the earth close and hard around them after they are planted.

Whatever you plant, be they seeds or vines, water when planted and also late every afternoon, unless it rains, especially for the first week or two. If you have no watering-pot take a tin can and punch a number of holes in the bottom of it with a small nail, and pour on the water through this till the plants grow strong enough to stand rougher treatment; or pay the tinman ten

Our small rooms had no windows; we wished them as shady as possible.

As the vines grow, train them carefully every day; tying them when twining will not answer. Twine them always in the same direction in which

you find them growing (see Fig. 22). Vines resist being twined in a direction different from their natural one, so decidedly as even to untwine themselves and start afresh. Aim to twine them smoothly up the sides of the doors, and to cover the walls with them, leaving the window uncovered and neatly shaped out in the midst of the

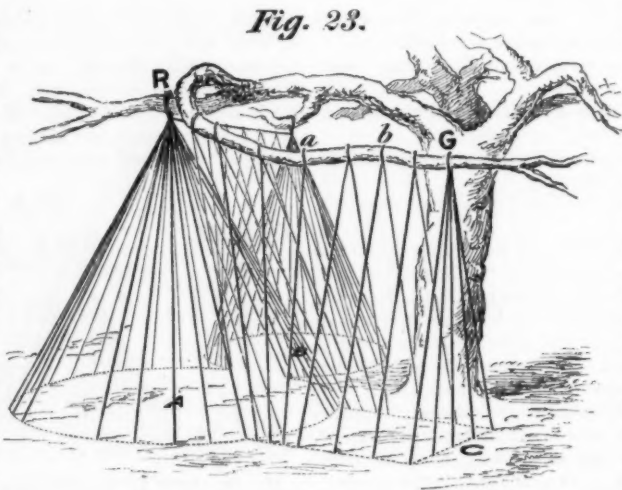


Fig. 23.

cents for a watering-pot nozzle to fit on the spout of some old leaky coffee-pot. Leaking will not matter much, but if the holes are too large, stop them up with pieces of string pulled through, or with lumps of warm wax pressed on inside.

Our house had elaborate plans for a window: a pane of glass figured with white paint; but a large

green leaves. If one part of the wall seems to be getting thicker than another, train one or two of its vines smoothly across into the thin place, and sometimes even backward and forward over it, if it is very thin and no vines are coming up from below to cover it. When you first change the position of a vine, the leaves may look upside down and

crooked, but they will come right very soon. If a spray or a leaf continues withered for two or three days, for any other cause than lack of watering, cut it off; it only does harm.

You will need a great many seeds. Remember that there are white, purple, crimson, and pink morning-glories, and try to choose your colors. If half at least are white, the house will look brighter. Don't trouble yourselves to keep the plants of different colors separate for transplanting, but mix the seeds, in about the proportion you fancy. Chance patches all of one color here and there on the walls will do no harm.

I have made these directions precise, knowing that thus your difficulties may be lessened; but of course a hundred irregularities might occur, and many certainly will, unless you are too old and wise to need a play-house; but the fun will be all the same, and only very sharp eyes can see the defects, under the vines.

The seats in our house were logs, except a borrowed chair or two on occasions. A rustic table

was to be our crowning ornament, but proved to be beyond our skill. There were also to be *portières* in the small doors. Four yards of red calico known as turkey-red would make two "gorgeous" curtains.

We like, even now, to recall the delight of our house of string; and we enjoyed every minute of its building. The grown people surely should favor such an enterprise as this, and be willing to help it along and give the needed explanations now and then, for it is no mean summer school for practical mathematics and engineering, with many other useful lessons thrown in.

A grave old gentleman, who was visiting the family, in wandering round the grounds early one morning, came across our completed structure, before the vines had grown much, standing fresh and white in the dew, like a great fantastic cobweb. He went into such raptures over the "Fairy Palace" that we were covered with confusion and blushes, while he made the whole tableful go out on a pilgrimage to see it.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SING a song of April, sing —
 April is the Baby Spring! —
 Crying, pouting,—see him frown;
 See the tear-drops trickle down
 Till his little sister, *May*,
 Tripping up so blithe and gay,
 Shakes her daisies in his face,
 Fills with sunshine all the place,
 Tickle him with rustling grasses,
 As she, softly laughing, passes —
 Shakes him, saying, "Little brother,
 You must now your sobbing smother;
 You must brush your tears away.
 Come and play, come and play!
 Come and dance with sister May.
 Chase away the rainy weather;
 Come and let us play together!"

This is the way matters seem to Maria J. Hammond of Baltimore,—who wrote the lines for you, my chicks,—and I do believe she knows. Somehow, the moment folks begin to feel and write poetry, they get behind the almanac and into the heart of things.

A POLITE MULE.

DEAR JACK: Once, when I was sent to the ice-house to get some ice, I saw two mules that belonged to a man who also was getting ice. These mules were hitched to the fence near a low apple-tree, and the mule that was nearest the tree put his head through the fence and managed to get an apple into his mouth. But he did not eat it right up, as many boys and girls would,—no! he held that apple in his teeth and drew his head back again through the fence, and then actually let the other mule take a bite of the fruit! I saw

this myself, and it was real nice to see the satisfied air of the generous mule as he ate the rest of his apple. Your little friend,
 FRANK D. P.

A CANNIBAL DAISY-BUG.

ORANGE, Jan. 20, 1885.

DEAR JACK: You ask in the January number if any one has seen a cannibal ant. I have seen a cannibal daisy-bug in the act of eating his companion. I took two of the tiny bugs (about the size of the point of a pin) that are found in great numbers on the common field-daisy, and put them under my microscope. In doing so, I accidentally killed one, and presently I saw the living one begin to eat the dead one. He seemed to suck the juices from the body, because the parts became transparent; and he would shake it as a dog shakes a rat.

I should like to belong to the Agassiz Association, but there is no Chapter near me, I think.

Your constant reader, FRED. K. W.

Why not start a Chapter yourself, Master Fred.?

FIFTEEN OWNERS WANTED.

(An offer from Deacon Green.)

My good friend, Mr. Dan Beard, bids me show you these fifteen feet, so to speak. He drew every one of them; and now who can name the animals to which they belong? One of them, the dear Little School-ma'am says, cannot be called a foot—but I hold that it belongs to an animal, all the same.

And now Deacon Green sends you this message:

He says that the boy or girl who sends him the best set of answers in point of correctness, neatness, brevity, yet naming the owners of these fifteen feet, hoofs, and what-not, shall have a prize!

The prize is to be ST. NICHOLAS sent for one year, with Deacon Green's compliments, either to that clever boy or girl or to any friend that clever he or she may name.

Also, he will send, as second and third prizes, a box of PROTEAN CARDS (OR BOX OF FIFTY GAMES) for the second best, and the STRATFORD GAME OF CHARACTERS AND QUOTATIONS for the third best list.

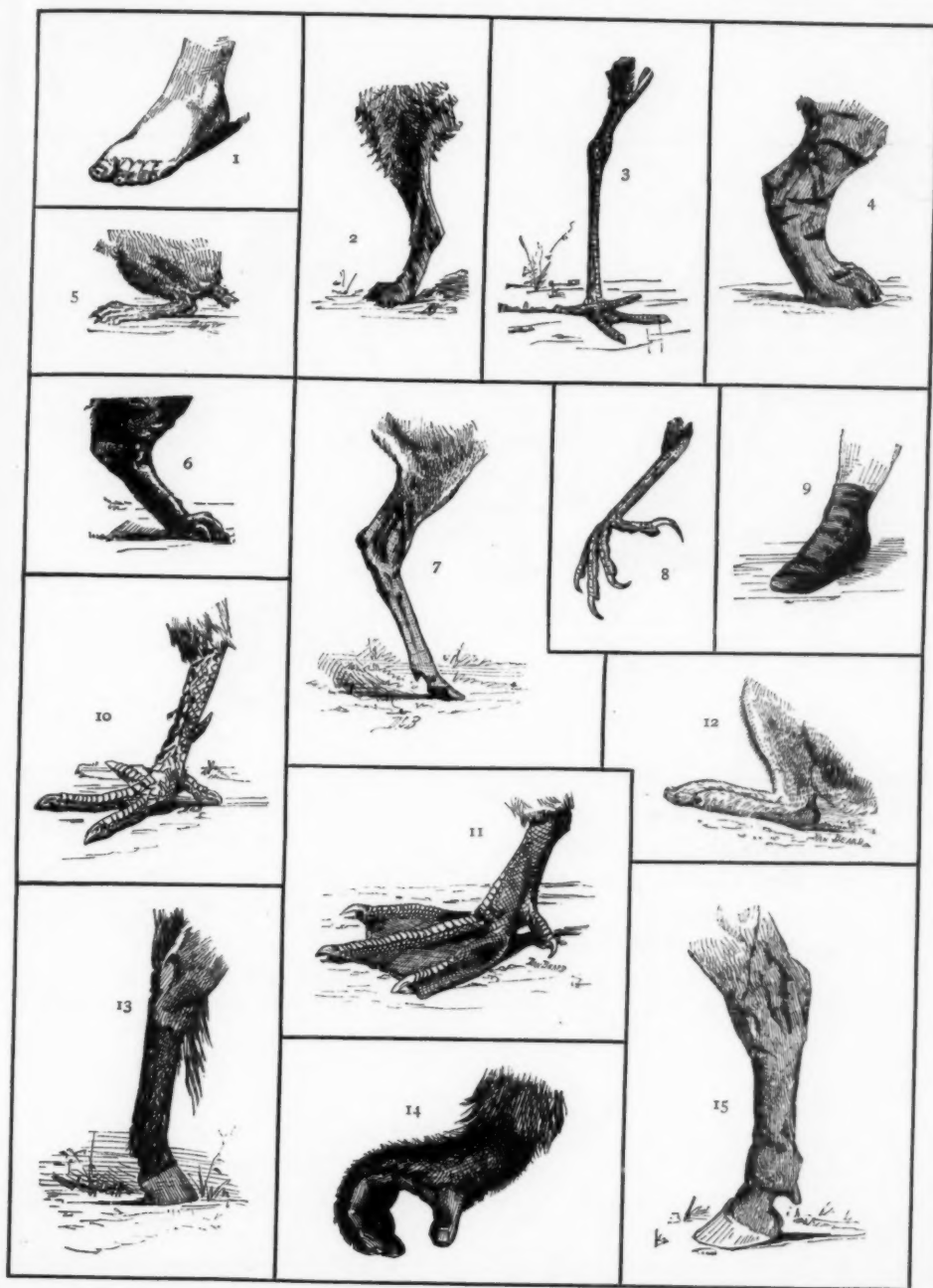
Don't write letters this time. Send, each, a neat list addressed to Silas Green, care of The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York; and let your list be in this fashion (though of course I shall not name them correctly):

- Number 1, Horse,
- " 2, Camel,
- " 3, Rat,
- " 4, Elephant,

and so on to number 15. If you can not name all the fifteen animals, name as many as you can.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

MANY of my young folk have knocked at that Golden-Gate question, and more are knocking. Next month your Jack will open it.



TO WHAT ANIMALS DO THESE BELONG?

HELEN'S FRIENDS.

BY HELEN C. STOCKTON. [AGED 8.]



WHY, Pussy-cat mew,
How do you do? [going to?

And where is the place you are
"I am going upstairs,
To say my prayers,
And when I get through,
I'll come back to you,
To you, to you."

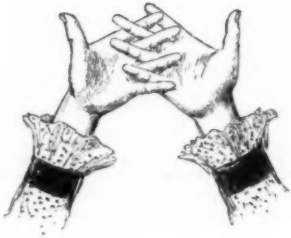
Oh, Doggie, bow-wow,
Come, tell me now,
Where did you hide
That bone, that bone?
"By the garden-gate,
And when it is late,
I'll eat it alone, alone, alone!"

Dear Birdie pe-weet,
With voice so sweet,
Where did you learn
Your song, your song?
"Out in the green wood,
And if you are good,
I'll take you along, along, along!"

You dear little Mouse,
Where is your house?
I'm coming to see you
Some day, some day.
"By the closet door,
You knew it before,
I wish you to stay away, away;
I wish you to stay away!"

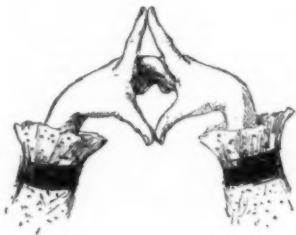
A FINGER PLAY.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.



TURN the small hands palm side up,
Lock the fingers stiff as storks;
And, now, what shall we call them, pet?
Why, these are mamma's knives and forks!

Now turn them over, keep them tight,
And drop the wrists, my little Mabel;
Ah, now we have a surface flat,
Which surely must be papa's table!



Now point the two forefingers,—so!
And join the thumbs, my little lass;
What shall we call this oval shape?
I think 't is grandma's looking-glass!

Now point the little fingers, too,
And let the hands rock to and fro;
Ah, here 's a cradle all complete
In which to put our Baby Bo!



EDITORIAL NOTES.

MRS. PIATT'S charming poem, "In Primrose Time," which appears on page 497 of this number, with its sympathetic glimpses of early spring in Ireland, will be appreciated by all the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS. It will show, moreover, that to all classes in that green island across the sea, as also, we hope, to ST. NICHOLAS readers everywhere, the sweet yellow flower of the British Isles, that is so welcome a spring visitor, means much more than it did to that all too practical Mr. Peter Bell in Wordsworth's well-known poem:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Mr. J. J. Piatt sends a letter to the Editor, accompanying Mrs. Piatt's poem, written from Queenstown, the Irish port which all the Atlantic steamers first "speak" on their eastward-bound trips, and the town to which the verses refer: In this he says: "The leaves of the primrose are soft, somewhat flannel-like in texture, and of a

pale-green color (they resemble mullein leaves in texture and color); the flower is of a delicate light yellow. The primrose has always, I suppose, been a favorite early spring flower here. One day last spring it was used all over Great Britain to commemorate the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death. I saw many ladies and gentlemen wearing it on the streets in Cork upon that day, and it was reported that so great was the demand for the flower in London that many orders for supplies were sent to France and Belgium."

Mrs. Piatt's verses, of course, have no reference to any political sentiment associated with the primrose, but only to the "era of good feeling" it seems to bring in, and the delightful new heaven and earth of spring.

As announced last month, we print in this number the story—"Myself, or Another?"—which won the first prize in the recent competition for the best story for girls written by a girl. The story which won the second prize will appear in our next issue.

THE LETTER-BOX.

GREEN COVE SPRING, Florida.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have rheumatism, and have come to Florida from Nova Scotia for the sulphur baths. The water is quite warm, and rushes into the pool from a natural spring at the rate of three thousand gallons a minute. Green Cove is situated on the west bank of the St. John River, the Indian name for which is Welaka, meaning "River of Lakes." A few weeks ago I went up the Ocklawaha River; the name means "crooked waters." The day was not very bright, and we did not see any alligators or snakes, but saw lots of mistletoe, holly, sweet bay trees in bloom, and air plants. In the evening we passed through the cypress gates, where the river is only twenty-three feet wide, just one foot wider than the boat, and the trees meeting overhead form an arch. We reached Silver Spring in the morning; it is seventy feet deep, and you can see down to the bottom; it is so clear. I enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Your faithful little reader, BEATRICE E. K.

SAN MARCOS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just begun to take you and just think you are too good for anything; my father and mother gave you to me for a birthday gift. We live near the San Marcos River; the river is a wonderful one; it is formed from springs that gush out of the rocks and form a river; it is a beautiful river; the water is very clear; you can see the fish and turtles in the water. We always start a rabbit when we are out walking; the woods are very pretty; they are full of pretty birds and mosses. I have just caught a pretty red bird. I am a Galveston boy; we came up here on account of my father's poor health.

Yours truly, LLOYD COLEMAN Y.

HOUSTON, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but I was afraid I could not write a nice enough letter. But now I thought I would not wait any longer, for I wanted to tell you something so much. That is, that I have every volume of ST. NICHOLAS nicely bound, from the very first volume up to the present time. Some of them were printed before I was born, as I am only ten years old; but after I began taking it, some kind friends gave me the other books. My little sister loves you, too. I belong to such a nice little club, which I thought I would tell you about, for perhaps some of the little readers would like to hear about it. We call it "The History Club." Every week some girls and boys meet together at a lady's house, and she reads or tells us of some historical characters. Just now she is reading us "Tales of a Grandfather," by Scott. When she gets through we all have a good time playing.

One who loves you dearly, MARGUERITE U.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, January 7, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were all very much pleased to see our letter in your magazine for last March, and we all thank you very much for the kind notice you put in about it.

It is more than a year since we last wrote to you, and since then we were all obliged to leave Bourke, on account of the drought; for eighteen months there was no rain, and as we lived nearly five miles from the township, we had to cart all the water from the river (Darling), as our own dam had dried up.

Father was obliged to turn out twenty valuable horses on the common to take their chance, as they could get water at the river, though the grass was all withered up. We think the poor beasts must have died, as we never heard any more about them. There was a perfect plague of flies, which stung our eyes and made them very sore. We thought our little baby brother would have lost his sight altogether, as his eyes were stung by a fly which poisoned the lids. After suffering a great deal of pain he is quite well now.

Perhaps you would like to hear about our journey down. We started on a Monday in February, Father driving us in a large buggy with four horses. We drove all day long, only resting for dinner. All the roads were covered with dead animals, horses, cattle, sheep, kangaroos, and once we saw a dead emu. From time to time we saw flocks of thin kangaroos and emus. Men were kept at the dams on purpose to remove the sheep as they died on going down to drink, the poor things were so weak. We saw numbers of the dead and dying on the margins of the dams. One man told us that often they had found as many as twenty sheep in the dam after one night, and they dragged them out of the water and burnt them. On many stations they chopped down trees for the poor animals to eat. It was very hot and dusty driving, and often we drove all day without seeing one house. We drove till Thursday, and about noon reached Nyngan, where the Sydney Railway now extends. At half-past one we started in the train and traveled all night, and got to Sydney at seven o'clock on Friday morning. We were all very glad our journey was over. I must tell you that before we left Bourke our pet white cat (which we mentioned in our last letter) was drowned in the well. Father got him out at last, but he had been in the water too long before we knew of it, and was quite dead. We were all so sorry as we were very fond of him.

Our kind grandamma still sends us your magazine. The heat in Bourke was very great—120° in the shade, and we were all very glad to get away.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, we must say good-bye, wishing you a happy New Year. We remain, your loving readers,

BUTTERCUP, DAISY, and VIOLET.

We are glad to hear again from these three young friends, though this second letter shows that even far-off Australia is not out of the reach of misfortune and suffering. Many of our readers will remember with pleasure the interesting letter which "Buttercup, Daisy, and Violet" sent us eighteen months ago, and which was printed in the Letter-Box for March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and I have taken you for about six years, and I don't remember ever having read such a funny story as "Davy and the Goblin." Mamma, my sister, and myself pretty near killed ourselves laughing. Sometimes we laughed till we cried.

Hoping you may live forever.

Your little friend,

SUSIE T. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you that we have had orange trees in blossom ever since Christmas day, and now the trees are full—all of them. The perfume from the trees is sickening. There has been ice here but twice this winter. I saw some—a very thin coating—early, two mornings in succession, in my duck-pond, that being the only water that had any ice. No one else has seen any here but myself. Last winter (for you know it was severe North) there was plenty of ice here—the edge of the river was frozen, and thousands of oranges were also lost by the freeze. This winter we have had no such cold, but it has been cool ever since Christmas—not one warm Florida day a month, and very wet. But while you at the North are snow and ice bound, we have orange trees in blossom, violets, roses, jasmine (the woods are full of them, beautiful yellow flowers, climbing over tree and shrub), and other flowers continually blossoming.

Your admiring little friend,

F. C. S.

WINDSOR TERRACE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in a little place called Windsor Terrace, between Prospect Park and Greenwood Cemetery.

We went skating this afternoon, and had a splendid time. We have not far to go, only a block, then through a hole in the fence. There is a seat on the lake where we sit to put on our skates. We are each eleven years old. We shall look for our letter in the next ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant readers,

"ROSE and VIOLET."

LONDON, 29 WALWORTH ROAD, Jan., 1885.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and my home is near New York. I left America last May, and crossed the big ocean alone to meet my Papa in Liverpool. There was another little girl in the saloon cabin, and we had nice times together. She went to Paris and I went to London. I am going home in May. I have been to St. Paul's, seen the Tower of London, Madam Tussaud's Wax-works, and we went to Westminster Abbey. I have been in London six months, and never missed getting ST. NICHOLAS. I would like all the little boys and girls to see all the pretty sights I have seen—the Lord Mayor's show, and the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, and the pleasant days I have spent in the Zoological Gardens. I hope you will print this letter, for I shall look for it when my brother sends ST. NICHOLAS to me from New York. I hope ST. NICHOLAS will last till I am a grown-up woman, for I love it so much.

Your little friend,

CLARA V. J. F.

SUFFERN, N. Y., March, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot let this month pass without writing to you. I like your stories very much and I am trying to learn to read as quickly as I can, so as to be able to read the stories to myself. I am sorry the snow is going, as we cannot have any more sleighing.

Your loving reader,

M. V. S.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you as long as I can remember. I believe Mamma took it before I was born; and ever since I could read you, I have been devoted to you. Some friends and I have a club in which we read aloud Dickens' works, and we meet every Saturday. We have no badge, but we call ourselves, "The Dickens Club." I have been reading Dickens all this winter; also two of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

From yours truly,

L. D. D.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our folks have been amusing themselves this winter by a funny little game; and we think that perhaps some of your other readers might enjoy it too, if they knew it. Each player draws a little picture representing a certain subject and then passes his picture to the next player without letting him or her know what the subject was that he meant to represent. The player receiving the picture writes below it his idea of its meaning, then he folds over the edge to cover what he has written, and passes it to the next player, who does the same, and so on, until the paper containing the drawing and the titles written beneath it returns to the player who made the drawing. Then the artist reads first the real title or sub-

ject of his drawing, and then the titles which the other players have given it. We send you a few of the drawings made by our home folks, which will explain the game to you better than we can. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS, from your loving friends,

GUSSIE, BENNIE and "SKYE."

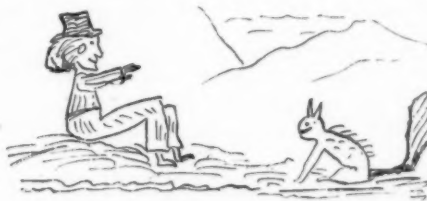


[Subject which the artist really intended to illustrate: *The discovery of gunpowder.*]

The title which Uncle John gave to the picture: "Celebration in honor of the boat-race."

Mamma's title: "Frightful explosion of gas."

Big brother Jack's title: "The effect of Gussie's piano playing."



[Subject which the artist really intended to illustrate: *Whittington and his cat.*]

The title which Papa gave to the picture: "French cook trying to carry out the first direction in the receipt for making jugged hare;—'First catch your hare,' the hare, at the moment of portrayal, having obviously scored a point."

Uncle John's title: "The Land League defying the British Lion."

Mamma's title: "Wonderful discovery of a new member of the cat family."



[Subject which the artist really intended to illustrate: *The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold.*]

The title which Mamma gave to the picture: "A scene on the Nile."

A native watching a crocodile trap from the banks of the river."

Big brother Jack's title: "Pharaoh, having occasion to cross the Nile, makes a short détour to avoid crocodiles."

Uncle John's title: "Egyptian keeper going to the Nile to feed his pet crocodile, and baby hippopotami."

NEW-YORK CITY, January, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, seven years old. I have a robin, whom we caught a year ago last spring. He was very young, and had fallen out of a tree. We had to feed him on bread and milk with a stick, and he has traveled with us to different places. He plays marbles and tag with me, and scolds me if I rub my fingers on his cage. Yesterday I took all the perches out of his cage to wash them, and he scolded so and made such a noise

that I had to put them back. He has a very fine voice, and sings a great deal. Last spring he got out of his cage, and flew way down the street, but he came back to us, and then again in the summer he got away and returned.

I have a canary, a kitten, and a mocking-bird, but I like my robin best. His name is Rob Roy. By and by I will write you another letter.

I am your little friend,

J. LEGGETT P.

JUNCTION CITY, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ogden's monument is the center of the United States, just above Fort Riley, and I live within three miles of it, at Junction City. Fort Riley is a six-company post, but it only has three companies of colored soldiers now. It is arranged very nicely. Some nights when we look over the reservation, the grass is on fire and looks very pretty. In the summer we drive over to the fort and see the dress-parade and hear the band play. I like the story about Kansas, in the January number, very much. One of my uncles lives within three miles of Fort Harker. I have seen the sunflowers so high and thick that you cannot see through, nor over them. Junction City is a pretty large town of about 3500 people. We have a nice opera house, which is lighted with gas and warmed with a furnace. We all had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year and hope you had the same.

Yours, truly,

BERTHA R.

MADISON, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live far out in the country, and our nearest neighbor lives a quarter of a mile away. I live on a large Southern plantation. Our house is called Annandale, and is very large; it has galleries all around it, both up stairs and down.

I wonder what some of your readers will say when I tell you that we gathered from our flower garden a beautiful bouquet of roses on the 17th of December, and among them were some lovely Marshal Niel buds.

My brother and I have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since the first number was published. I was a tiny girl then, too small to enjoy it, but since I have grown larger I have read all the back numbers. We have them all bound. I have a good many pets, one of which is a little colt named "Rob Roy," who is very gentle, and when I hold the baby on his back he will trot all around the yard.

We live seven miles from the post-office, and of course my brother and I are always very anxious to read the ST. NICHOLAS as soon as it comes; little Maimie is also very fond of having the pictures shown to her.

Hoping that I have not tired the readers with this letter,

I am ever your devoted reader, HELEN J. HARRIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your interesting pages again and again, and as I am going to get another bound volume of you this year, I thought I would like to tell you about a little pet I have. I am eleven years old, and live in San Francisco. I have been in the country for over six months, and am afraid I shall fall behind in my studies when I go to school after the holidays, but I am going to try to keep up. I have a pretty little Italian hound, named Gyp, a little bigger than a large cat. I am very fond of him, and he returns my affection, following me wherever I go, if I will allow him. One Sunday he followed me to church (the little country church not far from our hotel), and just as the clergyman was going to give out the text for the sermon, I saw the little black form of my pet marching up the aisle. You can imagine how mortified I was when he deliberately walked up in the chancel and stood beside the preacher, looking all over the church. Suddenly he espied Mamma and myself, and instantly rushed down to us. Oh! I wished the floor would open and let me down under it when I was obliged to take the culprit down, with a hundred eyes upon me. I took him home, and then came back to the church; and though Gyp tried many times after to follow me to church, he was always successfully stopped before he reached the church door. Perhaps this seems an almost incredible story, but "naughty little Gyp" is sitting now in the yard, and his little mistress is really writing you this letter, and we will both thank you very much if you will publish this in your "Letter-box." Your devoted little reader, GRACE.

We must heartily thank the young friends whose names appear in the following list, for their kind letters, which we have not room to print: Lizzie D. L., Lula Brown, Susie and Beckie Cadwallader, A. P. Thomson, Fannie Mason, Grace Gaffney, Frances Bartow, M. I. Nolan, Margaret McNamara, Mädel Burnett, Maud M. M., Laurie, Claudine Bishop, Venice James, Jenny R. K., Beatrice M., Arthur N. Starin, E. and J., Gertie C. R., Lucy Warren, Arthur L. Samuels, Eva Brantly, Melville F., Mary P. B., A. W. R., A. B. Linch, Blanche Owen, Bel M. P., Angelica G., May F. T., Harold Smith, Eddie Billheimer, Nina and May, J. N. D., Margaret M., Altie and Neva Foster, Charlie Hodel, Walter S. H., Fannie Shumway, Alice Threl, L., X. V. Z., "Three Girls of Sunny Kansas," Alex. Douglas, Mabel Connor, Mabel Claire, Jessie C. Russell, Nellie M. H., Sallie N. Clegghorn, Carl G., Bessie B. R., George A. Acken, Godfrey Pretz, K. A. W., Bettie Moremen, Annie Louise Denison, Ella Maude F., Maimie and Renate Ruehrmund, Edith L. Fawcett, Lily Wells, Bessie and Nellie, Daisy Poey.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FIFTIETH REPORT.

"PAPA," said a little three-year-old a few days since, "let baby smell the yellow daffodil. Now let him listen to it with his ear."

"Does the daffodil say anything to you, darling?" the father asked.

"Yes, Papa, it says 'The Spring is coming!'"

And now, not the yellow daffodil alone, but the coltsfoot shining in its sunny corner by the brook, the arbutus peeping from the edge of each lichen-covered rock, the furry-stemmed hepaticus, and the glorious company of apple-blossoms, all are singing to us, "The Spring has come."

Each year we listen more eagerly for the first song of the blue-bird, and we even share the woodman's pleasure in noting the first comfortable voyage of the noisy crow, as he floats through the hazy air croaking in hoarse good nature his early prophecy of spring.

Now all the Agassiz Association is out-of-doors. Field-meetings and excursions are the order of the month, and on April 28, when the birthday of Louis Agassiz shall come again, nearly every Chapter will observe that Tuesday in the wood or by the shore.

FOR OUR CHEMISTS.

The successful study of Botany and Mineralogy requires some familiarity with the elements and their compounds, and is greatly facilitated by an acquaintance with Chemistry, so that the assist-

ance of the gentlemen whose addresses were given last month will doubtless be sought not only by those who are exclusively devoted to Chemistry, but also by those who feel the need of some chemical knowledge to aid them in their work with minerals and plants. We are glad, therefore, to add to the list then given the name of another friend, who writes as follows:

PINE KNOLL, March 2, 1885.

H. H. BALLARD:

MY DEAR SIR: I have been watching the work of the Agassiz Association with a great deal of interest. In the Forty-sixth report, I see that a chemist is asked for. Although chemistry is not my special study, I will gladly render any assistance needed to those who are studying that branch. I am pleased to see there is an interest manifested in that science, and will endeavor to answer all puzzling questions, and also give advice as to the best methods of studying its mysteries to those who will send their letters to me, with stamps for reply. I will also exchange specimens of birds, rocks, shells, plants, etc., etc., from this section of Massachusetts for curiosities from other parts of the country, and give any other aid I can to those who are making a study of Natural History.

Yours truly,

ANDREW NICHOLS, JR.

P. O. Address: Asylum Station, Essex Co., Mass.

In looking over the files of ST. NICHOLAS, we notice, what from the nature of the case has been unavoidable, that there are still very many Chapters reports of which have never been quoted in the Maga-

zine. We have kept a careful record of these, and shall give each its turn as rapidly as possible, always preferring, however, such reports as are clearly written, well expressed, interesting, suggestive, and short.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

668, *Brooklyn (I)*, has been troubled by two unruly members, and asks what to do about it. Probably most Chapters have had more or less trouble at times from this source. It is generally the result of thoughtlessness rather than of perversity, and if the troubled will have large patience, and if the troublers will stop to think what serious injury they are doing to their Chapter by their inattention, most of the annoyance will cease. In case there should be any member who refuses to conform to the rules, after kind expostulation, his name may be sent to us by the Secretary of the Chapter, or he may be expelled at once. Four earnest members make a better Chapter than six, two of whom are not interested workers. This is a painful subject, and we trust we shall not be compelled to revert to it.

765, *Detroit (G)*. The principal of our school is coming to our next meeting, and we hope to get the teachers interested.—William Warner Bishop, Sec.

(The shoe is usually supposed to be on the other foot!)

618, *Central Village, Conn.* We cleared \$30 from a loan exhibition. With the money we bought seven or eight books, a poly-opticon, and a small cabinet. While taking a tramp, we discovered silver indications and garnets.—J. E. Shelden, Sec.

336, *Auburn, N. Y. (B)*, has made a scrap-box. "We made a box so large that twelve cigar boxes fitted in it nicely. We then printed labels, and set apart each box for a different study. We have a room of our own, to which mail may be addressed—13 Aurelius Avenue."—Elmer Kelland, Sec.

670, *Wright's Grove, Ill. (B)*. Last December the drawing-teacher of the Lakeview High School joined us, and since then we have progressed splendidly. For each meeting one writes a sketch of the life of some eminent scientist, while the rest gather notes on his life, and other scientific subjects.—Myron H. M. Hunt, Sec.

355, *N. Adams (A)*. We are feeling very much encouraged. Since our last report we have obtained twenty-four new members. Two have left, so we are thirty-one. Encouraging, is it not? It takes too much time for each member to answer questions, as we have been doing this winter, so we have gone back to the old way of having a few questions and a few essays. We expect to do good work this spring. Four of the new members are teachers. The rest are nearly all from the first year class in the High School, so that we can have a large society when our class is graduated next June.—M. Louise Radlo, Sec.

453, *Oswego, N. Y. (A)*. Our Chapter has increased from five members to twelve. Our meetings are very interesting. Our most interesting question was "To which kingdom does chalk belong?" No. 1 said that chalk, being composed of the shells of animals, belonged to the animal kingdom. No. 2 said that chalk was composed of the shells, and not of the animals, and shells being composed of lime made it belong to the mineral kingdom. No. 3 then said that as shells were composed of lime, and lime was formed of the decomposed parts of animals, shells and chalk belonged to the animal kingdom. Well, sir, here I saw they were drifting too deeply into science, and I advised that the question be carried over, which it was, and if you can help us out of it you will do us a great favor, as we have never been able to decide the matter satisfactorily. At one of our meetings a lilac twig was shown covered with pyramidal eggs. These grew into little gray caterpillars, of course very minute, as the shape of the egg could only be seen by the use of the microscope.—W. A. Burr, Sec.

[It is customary in the game of twenty questions to regard as belonging to the animal kingdom all animal products, such as silk, ivory, bone, coral, etc., so long as they retain their natural structure. If bones are burned, the bone-ash is considered mineral. The disintegration of the animal structure of limestone is so complete that we unhesitatingly place it among minerals. In coral, the structure is so well preserved that we should call it animal. Chalk is between the two, but had better be classed as mineral. The exact truth is, that it is a mineral substance that has been shaped by animal life, and afterward partially disintegrated. The same principle will help you decide whether coal is vegetable or mineral. What shall we say of honey?]

387, *Baltimore (E)*. We feel quite encouraged by the result of the past month. The members take more interest and enter on their various duties with more zeal than ever.—Edward McDowell, Sec.

FROM JAPAN.

We must make a little parenthesis in our regular reports for this interesting letter from Kioto, Japan:

DEAR MR. BALLARD: My object in writing you, is to try to form a Chapter of the A. A. among the dozen or fifteen boys and girls of the American professors in the Anglo-Japanese school in this city. There is nothing I so much regret in my early education as I do the lack of any incentive or training in using my eyes; and feeling this lack, I mean to try to save as many boys and girls as I can from a similar failure. Now, will it be possible for us to be recognized? I will add that the ST. NICHOLAS is taken by several of the families here. With the best of wishes.—C. M. Cady.

549, *Lindlough, Scotland*. This Chapter since its formation has done good work. Our papers and the reports of our excursions are bound up in a volume. Correspondence is invited.—Wm. Wardrop, Gowan Cottage.

713, *Old Chatham, N. Y.* We now number 25, and are taking a course in Botany. Will someone name this bird?—Length, 7 inches; wing, 4 inches; bill, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch; tarsus, 1 inch; back and upper part of head, ashy blue, flecked with dirty brown and gray; wing feathers, grayish black, with upper edge reddish brown; under part of tail, ashy gray; sides of neck and breast, white, flecked with brown; bill sharp and conical.—R. W. Morey, Sec.

NOT FOR CHILDREN ONLY.

[To illustrate the interest taken in our Society by "children of a larger growth," and one of the fields of usefulness opening to us, we give entire the following letter, one of many of similar tenor, withholding only the writer's name.]

DEAR SIR: I am glad to be able to tell you that I have, with several others, met this afternoon to form a Chapter of the Agassiz Association. And I hope it will succeed. I have for ten years had a kindergarten and school here, and some of my earliest pupils are now big boys and girls, 12 and 14 years old, and I do not wish their love and interest to drift away from me as they pass on to other schools. I have been wondering how I could hold them together, and keep up intercourse with them that would have an interest beyond the mere feeling of old affection and childish association. And when I saw your hand-book advertised in the *Nation*, a couple of months ago, I sent to you for a copy, and saw it was the very thing I needed, if I could carry it out. At first I shrank from the amount of work it implied for I am not very strong, and have a very heavy load on my shoulders already, my mother being a great invalid, and thereby giving me all the housekeeping cares, besides carrying on my school. I showed the book to one of my boys, and he seized upon the idea with such delight I could not find it in my heart to hesitate any longer. So we have been talking about it to others, and interesting them, and finally this afternoon some of us met and formed our Chapter. I had the nucleus of a collection of curiosities in a box of "rubbish" which had been given to me at various times, and we have already had some very nice and attractive curiosities given to us. I have always been particularly fond of botany, and every spring I have the children who are old enough to read Gray's *How Plants Grow*, and *How Plants Behave*, for reading books, and we analyze flowers afterward. And through the summer botany is my chief delight. I attend most of the free Saturday exhibitions of the Horticultural Society in Boston, and last season I studied ferns, and collected a great many of the common northern varieties. I think, from my own strong leaning in that direction, and the equally strong interest of another member who intends to join us, that botany will be one of our leading interests. In addition to the boys and girls from 8 to 14 years old, we will have several grown-up members, who have expressed a strong interest and a desire to join us. We do not wish to form a large Chapter at first, and yet it is hard to limit it. We would rather admit younger members very gradually, and as they are fitted to do real work. I can do a great deal of preparatory work in school,—object lessons, etc., with the younger ones,—and the kindergarten is an excellent training for such an after interest.

Very sincerely yours,

272, *Westtown, N. Y.* Our collection of insects at the annual county fair.—W. Evans, Sec.

720, *Boston (F)*; 333, *San Francisco (F)*; 564, *Santa Rosa (A)*; 684, *Gilbertville, N. Y.*; 603, *Chicago (F)*; 711, *Glens Falls, N. Y.*; 726, *Council Bluffs, Iowa*; 713, *Springfield, Mass.*; 439, *Wilmington, Del.*; 334, *Litchfield, Conn.*; 760, *Baltimore (J)*; 21, *Nashua (A)*; 203, *Franklinham, Mass.*; 610, *Revere, Wis. (B)*; 483, *Albuquerque, N. M.*; 527, *San Francisco (G)*; 491, *Rochester, Ind.*; 738, *Mt. Gilead, Ohio*; 575, *Spencer, Mass.*; and 680, *Peoria, Illinois (E)*, all send excellent and encouraging reports of progress. They are all, however, so nearly alike that it would be monotonous to reproduce them side by side. Here is one which in the main represents them all.

"Progressing splendidly. Have added two new members. Have bought a microscope, and added several new books to our library. We enjoy the reports in the ST. NICHOLAS very much. Enthusiasm increasing. Have procured a room in which to hold our meetings. We have a fair collection, and it is increasing."

[We hope this uniformity of successful endeavor and kindly feeling of interest will remain unbroken.]

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE DIAMOND.



ARRANGE the names of the ten objects pictured above, in such a way that they will form a double diamond, which is a diamond that forms new words when read across and up and down.

SYNCOPIATIONS AND BEHEADINGS.

The syncopated and beheaded letters will name a famous warrior and orator of ancient times.

1. Behead an infraction of law, and leave hoarfrost. 2. Syncopate a European country, and leave to draw out into threads. 3. Synco-

pate a grain, and leave that which. 4. Behead a country of Europe, and leave to torment. 5. Syncopate vapor, and leave a stalk. 6. Syncopate a fruit, and leave to gaze.

H. F. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in spoke but not in hub;
My second in pail but not in tub;
My third is in can but not in will;
My fourth is in slope but not in hill;
My fifth is in cry but not in call;
My whole is a flower beloved by all.

"MONA."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC AND DIAGONALS.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. When rightly guessed, the initials will spell a landed estate, and the finals a residence. The diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, spell a mass of floating ice; the diagonals, from the lower left-hand corner to the upper right-hand corner, will spell a common lepidopterous insect.

Cross-words: 1. A kind of food. 2. The part between tenor and soprano. 3. Space. 4. Produced.

"JOHNNY DUCK."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A fen. 2. A variety of quartz. 3. A fast horse. 4. A horse. 5. Numbers of animals.

II. 1. To efface. 2. A black bird. 3. To turn aside. 4. To wait on. 5. To record.

PAUL REESE.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

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ACROSS: 1. A state carriage. 2. To draw out. 3. A fermented beverage. 4. In creature.

DOWNWARDS: 1. In creature. 2. A pronoun. 3. A girl's name. 4. Regulation. 5. To frost. 6. A diphthong. 7. In creature.

GOLDWIN G.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

Sonnet XCIVIII.

MONUMENT PUZZLE. Central letters. Israel Putnam. Cross-words: 1. 2. aSp. 3. uRn. 4. pAw. 5. tEn. 6. aLe. 7. aPe. 8. cUb. 9. aTe. 10. faNcy. 11. clAms. 12. raiMent.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Compatriot. 2. Overreach (Sir Giles). 3. Meconate. 4. Procure. 5. Attilus. 6. Tears. 7. Kate. 8. Ice.

9. Oh. 10. F.

INVERTED PYRAMID. ACROSS: 1. Parasitic. 2. Tirades. 3. Paed. 4. Baa. 5. M.

DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. Feb. 3. Fumed. 4. Tempted. 5. Betty. 6. Dey. 7. D.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON. 1. Eleemosynary. 2. Alleviate. 3. Debilitated. 4. Participation. 5. Scintillation.

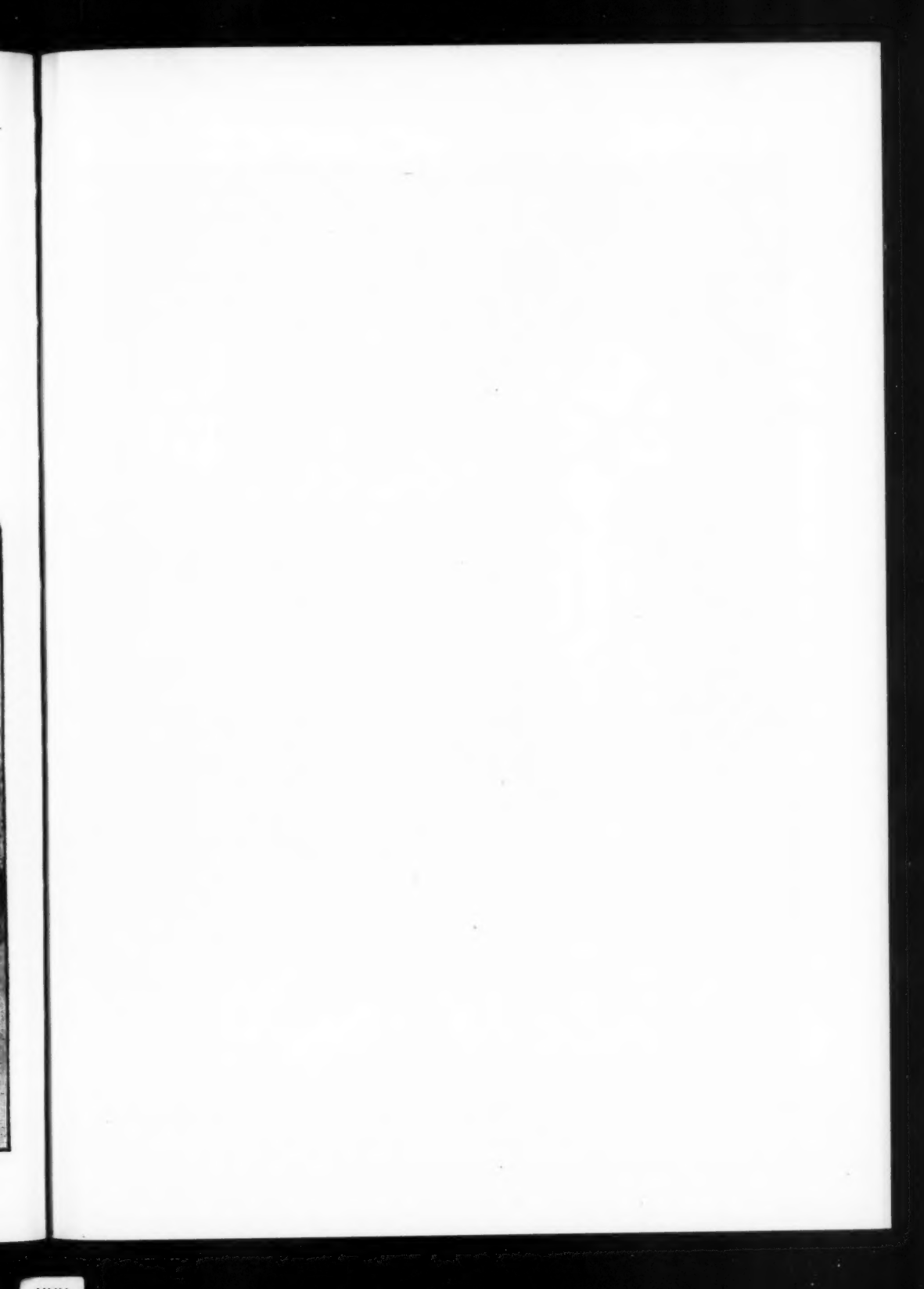
The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before MARCH 20, from "The Carters"—S. R. T.—Arthur Grider—"Hill Top"—"Clifford and Coco"—"Pepper and Maria"—P. K. Boo—"Tiny Puss, Mitz, and Muff"—"Pernie"—Harry M. Wheelock—"Mamie Hitchcock"—Helen J. Sproat—"Maggie and May Turrill"—Dydie—"R. E. Gents"—Trebor Treblig—Clara and Mamma—Francis W. Ishp.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before MARCH 20, from M. S. Keeler, 2—Jennie Short, 6—James McDonald, 1—Susie Hubbel, 2—Juliet Brock, 2—J. and A. Logan, 1—Alice R. Douglass, 1—Mary A. Tilden, 9—Lucy M. Bradley, 9—Herbert L. Chapin, 3—R. O. Haubold, 1—Emily A. Whiston, 2—Willie E. Dow, 4—Percy A. Varian, 6—John, Kate, and James, 1—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 9—A. D. Baker, 1—Peggy and Polly, 8—"Chickie," 2—Hallie Couch, 8—Jessie Lanahan, 2—Lottie Tuttle, 9—"We, Us, and Co.," 2—Edward C. Hall, 1—Lawrence Veiller, 1—Florence and May, 6—Ada M., 6—W. S. Symington, Jr., 1—Lou H., 5—Charlie Parsons, 1—Paul Reese, 9—Robt. M. Jones, 1—"Goose," 1—Godfrey Pretz, 1—D. C., 2—John Morton, 1—Jennie F. Balch, 6—Annie Lehew, 1—Judith, 10—"Tweedledee," 5—"Lynx," 1—Genie and Meg, 3—M. Emmeline Stearns, 1—Anna Calkins, 2—Genevra, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Daisy Dunham, 2—Madcap Fane, 1—Reggie and Nellie, 8—E. L. Hunnewell, 7—"Tweedledum," 3—Grace and Alice Galway, 5—Fanny, May, and D., 5—"Betsey Bobbett," 3—"Pike Bustow," 1—John V. Arrighi, 1—Lulu Weir, 4—Bayard Sweeney, 1—Lillie Parmenter, 7—E. Muriel Grundy, 10—Jessie B. Mackeever, 6—George Habenicht, 2—Willie C. Serrell and friends, 9—Fred and Will Kraus, 1—"Chimpanzee," 4—Lulu M. Race, 9—Laura Gordon, 3—"Pur," 10—Edytha M. D., 8—"Geranium and Rosebud," 5—Gertrude and Josie, 3—"Edipus," 10—"Arthur Pendenis," 6—"We Girls," 7—H. B. Saunders, 2—Fannie and Sophy, 1—"Locust Dale Folks," 5—Willie Sheraton, 4—"Pinky," 7—"Schneider and Snickelfritz," 4—Merlice and Ina, 6—"Shumway Hen and Chickens," 10—Jennie Dupuis and Edith Young, 8—Herbert Gaytes, 7—Arthur L. Mudge, 1—Chauncey G. Wellington, 1—Arthur C. Anderson, 8—Eleanor, Maude, and Louise Peart, 6—Geo. C. Beebe and John C. Winne, 4—Appleton H., 8—B. V., of Omaha, 9—Emily Danzel, 1—May Fisher, 1—Woodbury G. Frost, 2—Georgia and Grace, 9.



OUR artist, who goes out sketching every Saturday, has succeeded in hiring "a bright, active boy" to come for an hour, on that day, to clean the Studio.





"For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her." (Page 563.)

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD.